







Cothan allen

POEMS,

7 ov. 1825 1894 10 F Phones APR 27 1935

BY

# WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

Go, DREAM OF BY-PAST HOURS: IN RETROSPECT, ONCE MORE, PLUCK FANCY'S GAYEST FLOWERS, AND REVEL IN THY STORE.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY JAMES CRISSY,
No. 177, Chestnut Street.
1822.

EASTERN DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA, TO WIT:

BEIT REMEMBERED, that on the thirtieth day of January, in the forty-sixth year of the Independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1822, James Crissy, of the said district, hath deposited in this office, the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

POEMS, BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

Go, dream of by-past hours: In retrospect, once more Pluck Fancy's gayest flowers, And revel in thy store.

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, intituled "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned." And also to the act, entitled "An act, supplementary to an act, entitled 'An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned,' and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

D. CALDWELL,
Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

J. CRISSY AND G. GOODMAN, PRINTERS.

# THE REV. DANIEL DANA, D. D.

OF HANOVER, NEW HAMPSHIRE,

As a slight acknowledgment of much kindness received from him during boyhood, and of affectionate solicitude for my welfare since, this volume is inscribed.

WILLIAM BINGHAM TAPPAN.



## PREFACE.

This volume is sent into the world not without some solicitude. Its errors will not experience the lenity from criticism, which partiality may have exercised. Yet I indulge the hope that these Poems will obtain from the American public the favour which they may merit; more than this I can not desire.

The reception which a small collection of poems, published by me in this city in 1819, received, has induced me, after a careful revision, to embody some of them in this volume, with those of a later date.

I am grateful to those of my countrymen who have noticed my former productions with fostering kindness; to the British editors who have bestowed on my earlier poems, that which I confess to be the object of my ambition, the meed of impartial praise, particularly to the able conductor of an influential transatlantic Review, I return my warmest acknowledgments.

I feel confident that the tendency of these pieces is towards virtue and correct sentiment;—they will be seen with a few exceptions to be of a cheerful cast, calculated to sport in the sunshine of the serene heart, and mingling with the reveries of disappointment, to fan the latent spark of hope to the broad and bright halo of pleasing anticipation.

Philadelphia, 1822.

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# POEMS.

## RETROSPECTION.

'Tis sweet, in seclusion, to look on the past,
In life's sober twilight recal the day-dream;
To mark the smooth sunshine, and skies overcast,
That chequered our course as we moved down the stream.

For O there's a charm in retracing the morn
When the star of our pleasure beamed brightly awhile,
And the tear that in infancy watered the thorn,
By the magic of memory is changed to a smile.

How faint is the touch, no perspective bestowing, Nor scenery in nature's true colours arrayed; How chaste is the landscape, how vividly glowing, Where the warm tint of fancy is mellowed by shade! With cheerfulness then, Retrospection, I'll greet thee, Though the night-shade be twined in thy bouquet of sweets,

In the eve of reflection this bosom will meet thee, While to the dear vision of childhood it beats.

And the heart that in confidence seeks its review, And finds the calm impress of innocence there, With rapture anticipates happiness new, In hope yet to come, it possesses a share.

If in worlds beatific, affections unite, And those once dissevered are blended in love; If dreams of the past quicken present delight, Retrospection adds bliss to the spotless above.

### THE THORN OF LIFE.

WE see, in life's wide wilderness, Some plants of fair, and varied mien; Love's rose springs here, while there, distress, The night shade rank, is seen.

With choicest care, we cull the flowers That breathe of beauty and of morn; But while the bouquet charms the eye, We feel the secret THORN.

And who is free from sorrow's thorn?
Joy's sparkling beverage dost thou sip?
Thou mays't; but soon the poisonous dreg
Shall meet thy quivering lip.

Thy morning, gay, perchance, hath shone,
And Hope exulting, plumed its flight;
At noon, the stern destroyer came,
With disappointment's blight.

2

Hast friends? thou hast—yet the last sun, That saw thy bliss, hath seen the dart, Whose cruel fang shall pierce thy friend, And wring thy lonely heart.

Thy wife, thy offspring—whence that sigh? Too well I trace the secret tear,
For thou, who wife and offspring knew,
Hath wept upon their bier.

Love hath its chill, and mirth the sigh, And who may boast a cloudless morn? Mortal, that cull'st the flowers of life, Think not to 'scape the thorn.

### STANZAS.

THEY SHALL LIE DOWN ALIKE IN THE DUST.

Job.

YE hapless, who repining, grieve
At poverty and ill;
Who doubtful, question heaven's decree,
And murmur at its will:

Think ye that affluence is the source Whence unmixed blessings flow? Think ye that gold can satisfy, Or splendour, peace bestow?

Mistaking race!—alas, how few This panacea boast; Ye labour, but for bliss untrue, The care and toil are lost.

Go, learn content, for riches yet Have never fed the mind; Go, learn content, the coffered wretch May ne'er enjoyment find. The costly robe of Tyrian dye,
Oft hides some bosom care;
And virgin smiles, and sparkling wit,
Conceal the latent tear.

Art thou obscure?—the writhing cares Of genius, are not thine; Unknown?—rejoice, for thou art free, No slave at folly's shrine.

Thine are affection's purest sweets, And thine is love's caress; Approving peace within thy heart, A Providence to bless.

Thine are the beauties of the globe, The charms that sense allure; For thee, you azure glories burn, Say, mortal, art thou poor?

The hopes that shine along life's path, To cheer thee, too, are given; The Star that points the wanderer's way, Shall lead thee to thy heaven.

And while, lamented by the great, The rich repose in clay; Thou, too, wilt seek thy final bed, And slumber sweet as they. TO

## A YOUTHFUL FRIEND.

In life's early vision, when bliss mantles high,
And the morning of pleasure beams cloudless and pure;
When fond expectation illumines the eye,
And hope to the bosom seems brilliant as sure;

How numerous the perils that ambush the way! What dangers to threaten, what syrens to snare! And he that in sunshine hath welcomed the day, At evening is wrapt in the cloud of despair.

For they that in sympathy now would adore thee, While the cup of prosperity, sparkling, is thine; Ungrateful, will ere long, in mockery smile o'er thee, When the sun of thy pleasure in mists shall decline.

2\*

And if, unexperienced, thy heart is deceived, And thou in oblivion thy anguish would'st steep; If the faithless hath pierced thee, and those once believed, Unheeding their plightings, have left thee to weep;

O then, thou benighted, and lone, look afar, To Him\* that can soften the wounds he has made; The Guide of thy youth, who alone is the Star, Directing to day-beams unsullied by shade.

\* My Father! Thou art the guide of my youth.

BIBLE.

#### THE

## MISSIONARY'S GRAVE

IN THE DESERT.

In a foreign soil he sleeps,
And lowly is his bed;
No early wild-flower weeps,
Where he pillows his weary head.

By stranger hands he was laid Where the Siroc sweeps the mound; Where the night-kings, fierce, invade The solitude profound.

The grief of a yearning brother, That hillock ne'er hath known; The heart-wrung tears of a mother, Ne'er dropt on that cold stone. No cenotaph tells his worth; No sculptured wreaths proclaim, That the slumbering herald of truth Hath gained the martyr's name.

But the heart of affection true, Hath sighed o'er the sandy wave; But the tears of the wanderer bedew The Missionary's lonely grave.

## TO JUNE.

O come smiling June,
In soft beauty arrayed;
O come, and bring with thee,
Young pleasure, fair maid;
O come from thy mountain,
O come from thy bower,
Thou queen of the fountain,
The breeze and the flower.

O come smiling June,
Bid the meadows rejoice;
With health thy companion,
And labour thy choice;
Where lately in triumph
Stern winter was seen,
Pomona shall mantle
Her livery of green.

No more let the minstrel
Sing enraptured of May;
Thy beauties, fair season,
Shall waken his lay;
Thy morn is serener,
And brighter thy noon;
Thy evening more lovely,
O come smiling June.

### THE PENSIONER.

I marked him once, and that dim eye, Methought could tell of hidden wo; I saw no tear, I heard no sigh; The sigh was hushed, no tear could flow.

His form was decked in misery's garb, That idly mocked the storm's control; His heart was torn—neglect's keen barb, With cruel fang, had pierced his soul.

Yet no sad tale the veteran told, His prayer, my country, was for thee; Meekly resigned, though basely sold To grief, contempt and POVERTY.

Yes, those that never met the foe, That never warmed with freedom's flame, Could bravely crush the warrior low, Could spurn the hoary veteran's claim. I saw the passing flood of years Bear him to some forgotten grave; For him affection had no tears, No sigh was given to the brave.

#### THE EPITAPH.

Here doth the war-worn veteran sleep, And soft is now the soldier's bed; Mourn not his fate; your country weep, Lament;—her gratitude is dead.

# YOU ASK'D, I REMEMBER.

You ask'd, I remember, if those that have flown To the regions of sunshine, would visit again The scenes of past grief, to martality known, The dream of anxiety, chequered with pain?

Should from courts beatific, the spotless e'er bend, And delights, once endeared, unimpassioned descry; Is there aught that could bid the wrapt spirit descend, Or a wish rise unbidden, to waken the sigh?

If so, 'tis the thought of that innocent bliss,
The sun-ray, expanding affection's young flower,
Which, caught from you region, beams brightly on this,
And to Time lends the hue of Eternity's hour.

If so, 'tis remembrance of love's plighted vow, The sweets of communion, once ardent and true; And the wish that those veiled in mortality now, Should soar disembodied, and friendship renew.

### SPIRIT OF SONG.

Spirit of Song, with impulse true, I offer at thy viewless shrine; Thou canst the throb of grief subdue; For bliss serene and pure, is thine.

Spirit of Song, in early days,

'Twas thou that whispered'st joy to me;
In manhood, I invoke thy lays,
For thou alone art all to me.

Spirit of Song, I ask no boon Of earth, to gild my youthful day; And when I enter life's calm noon, Shall never crave ambition's ray:

But, sweet INSPIRER, still do thou, Life's rugged path, with smiles illume; And as thou guid'st and charm'st me now, Descend and cheer me to the tomb. TO

## JAMES MONTGOMERY,

OF SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND.

Montgomers seeks a hallowed lyre, To consecrate the poet's name; How pure is inspiration's fire, When blessed Religion fans the flame.

The minstrel quits each lighter theme, Fame seems but unsubstantial dross; Forsaking fancy's early dream, He kindles at the lowly cross.

In life's drear path, sojourning long, What tears and perils throng the road; From these, redeemed, with grace his song, The wanderer now returns to God. Sweet was the hour, when o'er his path The pillar shone with steady ray; Secured from Sinai's threatening wrath, The pilgrim treads the narrow way.

Do worldly friends withdraw their love? He leans on Christ each bosom care; When trials sadden, borne above, How holy is the closet prayer.

Montgomery, though the shades of even Have often gloomed upon thy brow, Yet shines there still, a ray of heaven, For Jesus is thy surety now.

## MASONIC ODE.

FUNG AT THE DEDICATION OF THE GRAND LODGE OF PENNSYLVANIA,
PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 1, 1820.

"Strike the cymbal,
Roll the tymbal!"
Swell the note of grateful love;
Heaven rejoices,
Lend your voices,
Praise the Architect above.

God of glory!
The song of vict'ry,
Pæans loud are ever thine;
Cherubs singing,
Glad are bringing
Offerings to Jehovah's shrine.

Lo, in grandeur,
Bedecked in splendour,
See the Temple proudly rises!
Masonry triumphant gazes,
Where, red gleaming,
Ruin beaming,
Spread the midnight terror round.\*

Art combining,
Grace entwining,
CHARITY the corner stone:
Discord never
Can dissever
Fabrics reared on God alone.

FAITH and HOPE our chosen stay,
Love illumes with mystic ray;
Truth and Reason still combine,
Still adorn the hallowed shrine.
Praise, praise the Architect, O praise,
Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna!

<sup>\*</sup> Alluding to the conflagration of the Masonic Hall, 1819

### MASSACHUSETTS SCENERY.

Thy son, O New England, though wandering afar From the scenes that affection once lit with a smile, Still recals the gay vision when childhood's young star Could lead to enjoyment, and sorrow beguile.

And memory yet rambles o'er life's reckless dawn, When hope smiled so lovely and earth seemed so true, When thought, fond deceiver, bade welcome the morn That imparted to bliss its cerulean hue.

Then careless, to linger in Love's native bowers, Where Spring, Pleasure's handmaid, rejoiced o'er the scene,

Or when sober Autumn succeeded the flowers, To stray while contentment lent zest ever keen.

Where BROOKLINE, half hid in the woodland appears, Whose white steeple rises in pride from the grove; Where bland hospitality's welcome endears, I roamed when this heart beat to pleasure and love.

And sweet, lovely village, thy vallies to me,
And dear are thy hills where I hailed the first sun,
When a school-boy romantic, from apathy free,
I reposed in thy orchard and bathed in thy run.

Afar, the gay hamlets of plenty are found, Though nameless in pomp, to simplicity dear; And queen of the villas, besprinkled around, See Boston, thy pride, O New England, appear.

O dear is the land of my fathers, and long Recollection shall stray o'er the mountain and plain; Though far, far away, yet in story and song, Shall the minstrel return to thy bowers again.

For thy son, O New England, now wandering afar From the scenes that affection once lit with a smile, Still recals the gay vision when childhood's young star Could lead to enjoyment, and sorrow beguile. TO

## ALEXANDER

OF RUSSIA.

Go, ALEXANDER! deign to learn
What ermined conquerors should know,
Though despots, godlike Freedom spurn,
Her sons can never stoop so low.

Go, Autocrat, "Deliverer," thou!
Lord of the vassal and the slave,
Go, hide that once imperial brow,
Whose majesty seemed formed to save.

Monarch, how powerless is thy might; Thy proud memorials, how vain; Can edicts e'er roll back the night, That curtained, once, regenerate Spain? No! for the bosom, disenthralled, With Liberty, shall ceaseless, burn, For her, the sword shall rush uncalled, Nor bloodless to its rest return.

No! for the dawn that peerless broke, Hath shed abroad its living ray, From slumber Lusitania woke, Enjoys thy beam, Hesperia.

## WHY SHOULD WE SIGH.

Why should we sigh when Fancy's dream,
The ray that shone 'mid youthful tears,
Departing, leaves no kindly gleam,
To cheer the lonely waste of years?
Why should we sigh?—The fairy charm
That bound each sense in folly's chain
Is broke, and Reason, clear and calm,
Resumes her holy rights again.

Why should we sigh that earth no more
Claims the devotion once approved?
That joys endeared, with us are o'er,
And gone are those these hearts have loved?
Why should we sigh?—Unfading bliss
Survives the narrow grasp of time;
And those that asked our tears in this,
Shall render smiles in yonder clime.

#### WHEN DEATH SHALL LAY.

When death shall lay this bosom low, And every murmur hush to sleep, When those that give affection now, Shall o'er affection's memory weep,

I would not, when life's spark has flown, That strangers should receive the sigh; I would not, that a hand unknown, Should, reckless, close the slumbering eye:

But, on some throbbing breast reclined, That beat alone to love and me; Each parting pang subdued, how kind, How peaceful, would my exit be.

I would not, that this lowly head Should pillow, cold, on foreign clay; I would not, that my grassy bed Should be from home and love away: But, in my native village ground,
Near kindred dust, these relics laid:
How calm my slumbers, how profound,
Beneath the old tree's sombre shade.

### THE TUSCARORA'S ADIEU.

FAREWELL, O Monilli! I fly to the plain,
Which the blood of our foes shall bedew;
Hark! the death-song that echoes the dirge of the slain,
The war-whoop has sounded—Adieu!

Farewell, O Monilli! in battle afar When the tomahawk glitters on high, Should fate give your love to the demon of war, He will waft to your memory a sigh.

When in regions of sun the red warrior shall rest, Where the white man can never appear, In whispers of midnight, the songs of the blest Shall chase from Monilli the tear.

Farewell love! impatient, I fly to the plain,
Which the blood of our foes shall bedew;
Hark! the death-song that echoes the dirge of the slain,
The war-whoop has sounded—Adieu!

#### O THOU THAT HATH STRAYED.

O thou that hath strayed in a pathway of sorrow,
Where joy is a stranger and peril is near;
With regret for the past, and no hope for the morrow,
The sigh thy companion, thy solace a tear:

Though dark thy horizon, no star of day cheering, Though thy way, long and lonely, no pleasures illume; Yet in faith turn thy vision to solace appearing, For a ray of tranquillity shines from the tomb.

There's bliss yet in store, let reflection still cheer thee; There's rest for the weary, unfading and true; On the ocean of life, though the billows are near thee, Look afar where the haven of peace is in view!

TO

# THE HOLY ALLIANCE.

SAY ye that rule with iron sway

The continental soil,

To whom the nations are a prey

And liberty a spoil,

The generous spirit would ye bind,

Its noble daring blight?

Say, would ye crush the "march of mind,"

And bring Egyptian night?

Proud Autocrat! "Deliverer" thou!

How dim thy diadem,

When that which once adorned thy brow
Is faded from the gem;
Go, sway thy sceptre o'er a wild;
Satiate ambition's lust;

Let parasites salute thee "mild,"

WE know thee deeply curst.

And ye, degenerate, baser kings,
Unknown to godlike fame;
Shall seas of patriot-blood redeem,
With untold years, your shame?
No! rescued from oblivion's gulf,
By bigotry and crime,
Your deeds shall stain the flood of years,
And blot the scroll of time.

Monarchs, think ye leagued tyrants can,
As erst in Italy,
Successfully oppose, when MAN
Arises to be free?
When Freedom quits her mountain height,
To seek the battle-field,
And bids her sons sustain the fight,
With heaven and hope their shield,

Think ye the bosom, beating then,
Will shun the fatal blow?
Think ye one heart will shrink that day,
Till tyranny is low?
Go! ask—ye shall not ask in vain—
Of those that bled of yore;
When Leon saw her children slain,
When Leon smoked with gore.

Though Naples to her leaden sleep
Returns, no longer free;
Though liberty has fled, to weep
Her dire apostacy;
Yet, despots! turn, and trembling, view
Your potency how vain;
Behold a generous nation true,
Behold regenerate Spain.

#### I CAN NOT BUT SIGH.

I can not but sigh, when the friends of my youth, Who repaid with fond ardor the love that I gave, Who tendered their pledge on the altar of truth, Forgetful, return to their rest in the grave.

I can not but sigh, when the visions of joy,
That rose on gay childhood, and sought to allure,
Like the dreams of the wretched but smiled to destroy,
Or adorn the bright sketchings they failed to ensure.

I can not but sigh, while reviewing the years, When hope in this bosom beat ardent and high: O Memory, what art thou? a record of tears, Of meteor-enjoyments, that sparkle and die. I can not but sigh, when futurity's scroll,
Unfolding, gives sign of no pleasure in store;
When regret for the past still remains on the soul,
While the present is lost in aspiring to more.

I can not but sigh, when heart-stricken, I scan The victims of misery that float down the stream; And e'en while recounting the bliss of frail man, I can not but sigh, for that bliss is a dream.

### WHEN THE LAST TEAR.

When the last tear of love is shed,
And the freed spirit hastes away;
When joy, desire, and hope have fled,
And beauty seeks its couch in clay,

O, then, what art, what pageantry
Of worth deceased, shall tell? what bust
To years shall breathe the memory
Of those that slumber, dust with dust?

For marbled busts will disappear,
While time obliterates the urn,
And those that now bestow the tear,
Will claim the tribute in return.

Vain is the pageant, vain is art,

To glean from years a living name;
One simple deed from virtue's heart

Alone can consecrate its fame.

### THERE IS AN HOUR.

There is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a tear for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast,
'Tis found above, in heaven.

There is a soft, a downy bed,
'Tis fair as breath of even;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose in heaven.

There is a home for weeping souls,
By sin and sorrow driven;
When tost on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—'tis heaven.

There faith lifts up the tearful eye,
The heart with anguish riven;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom,
Beyond the confines of the tomb,
Appears the dawn of heaven.

THE

#### SEAMAN'S BIBLE.

Borne on the bosom of the wave, Where death and danger oft appear, The Seaman trod the billowy grave, Stranger to thought or fear.

Unknown the Power that stayed his youth, The God who holds the sea, unknown; Within, no ray of living truth, With kindly impulse shone.

Fierce, the careering midnight storm In anger, mingled wave and sky, While the red lightning scathed his form, His curse was heard on high. Deep thunders rent the shivering mast, The barque rude tossed by every sea; No tear was given for the past, Nor to futurity.

No prayer assailed the holy throne, Could the profane, the scoffer pray? No, wretched, trembling, and alone, His spirit fled away.

Mourn, Seaman, for thy comrade mourn, His soul was noble, generous, free, Yet deep in guilt, it sought the bourne Of dread eternity.

O had he scanned the living chart, By which the unerring course is laid, Renewed, and sanctified in heart, The wanderer ne'er had strayed.

Mourn for the dead, yet with thy tears Blend earnest thanks for grace divine, Seaman, a happier dawn appears, The BIBLE now is thine.

The "Man of Nazareth" calls to thee, He bids thy toils and sorrows cease; The voice that calmed proud Galilee, Speaks to the weary, peace.

5

He will direct and cheer thy way,
'Mid perils, and through climes afar;
And when by sin beguiled astray,
Will shine thy Morning Star.

Safe in the tempest as the calm, Is he that seeks the mercy seat; Seaman, rejoice, death boasts a charm Leading to Jesus' feet.

# TO PEACE.

DAUGHTER of Heaven, fair offspring of the skies,
To thee, O PEACE, shall sweetest incense rise,
The song of angels, theme of men below,
'Tis thine to soothe, and heal a nation's wo;
Robed with resplendence, bright celestial day,
How evanescent is thy meteor ray;
As the wild lightning's quick receding glare,
The flash illumes, and leaves the darkening air,
'Tis here—'tis gone;—the boon is soon recalled,
And war's dire besom sweeps a groaning world.

Hark, from the dungeon of the dreary cells,
Where haggard want, with frowning horror dwells,
The accursed walls by tyrant hands upreared,
The flinty stones with guiltless blood besmeared,
A groan bursts forth, at which the rocks would weep,
A sigh is breathed from misery's bosom deep.\*

<sup>\*</sup> Alluding to the imprisonment of R. W. Meade, who was confined in Spain, by order of the government.

Say, shall we hear unmoved, that harrowing groan? With frigid coldness, mark each rising moan? Forbid it heaven, that e'er the captive's sigh, Should ask for aid, and no redemption nigh. Who will not rise, a free born son to save, From Spanish chains, from slavery's living grave? Is there a heart of adamant, so formed, Its icy core to pity ne'er was warmed? That heart will soften at the victim's pain, That soul will rouse against relentless Spain. All, all will rise, for vengeance is not far, And gentle peace shall yield to righteous war; From short repose, the avenging sword will leap, And prove to FERD'NAND, justice doth not sleep; Its flaming point will hostile shores illume, And light the tyrant to his final doom; Nor will the goddess bless Hesperia's lands, 'Till Spanish legions own our conquering bands, Then shall the olive bloom on freedom's shore: Swords plow the earth, and war be heard no more: Accursed contention with its horrors cease, For rightful war, ensures a lasting Peace.

APRIL, 1818.

### GRAVE OF PUTNAM.

THE awful height of Bunker's brow,
To wondering ages still shall tell
What valour stemmed the rushing foe,
When cannons pealed a WARREN'S knell.

There is a spot, 'tis hallowed ground, Where lowly rests the warrior's head; The tall grass, mournful, waves around; It waves o'er Putnam's honoured bed.

The traveller here will oft repair,
To give the generous meed of wo;
And by the sainted spirit swear,
To guard his fame from every foe.

And though with envy, scoffers burn, That fame will live in deathless bloom; The laurel deck the hero's urn, The night-shade mark his slanderer's tomb.

#### O COME FROM A WORLD.

O come from a world, where sorrow and gloom, Chastise the allurements of joy;

A pathway bedimmed, with no rays to illume, Save the meteor that shines to destroy;

Where the thoughtless have revelled, when mirth had no charm,

Where the wounded have wept, but still needed the balm.

O come from a world, where the landscape is chill, Or deceitfully blossoming fair,

The garden gives promise of bright flowers, still

The night-shade luxuriates there;

That sky, now serene, blushing lovely and clear,

O heed not its beauty, the storm-cloud is near.

O come from a world, where the cup of delight

Now sparkles and foams at the brim;

For the laurels that wreath it, reflection shall blight,

Its lustre, repentance shall dim;

The lips, that convivial, have pledged thee the bowl,

Shall blanch with confusion when fear rives the soul.

O come from a world, where they that beguile
Will lead thee to peril and fears;
For the heart that, confiding, hath welcomed its smile,
Hath found it the prelude to tears:
Come then, there's a path by the reckless untrod;
O come, weary wanderer, it leads to thy God.

### EVENING HYMN.

O THOU that reign'st with power on high, From whom alone our blessings flow; Whose kind protecting care is nigh, To saints above, and men below,

To thee, our grateful evening song, We now with mingled voices raise; To thee alone, doth well belong The tuneful notes of sacred praise.

We bless thee that thy watchful care Hath kept our steps another day; That we thy numerous mercies share, That we the social tribute pay.

Each fault, thy spotless eye hath seen: Wilt thou, for Jesus' sake forgive; In his atonement wash us clean, And let the contrite sinner live.

While night enwraps her mantle round, And we our weary eye-lids close, Still may thy guardian hand be found, And each awake from sweet repose.

Thus, through life's dark, eventful way, May we, with faith, rely on thee, 'Till we arrive at PERFECT DAY, Whose dawn precedes eternity.

# THE IMMORTAL MIND.

When pleasure smiles with aspect gay,
And bright alluring mien;
When joy emits its cloudless ray,
While darkening storms seem far away,
And all is bliss serene:

When friendship cheers with sacred charm,
And sympathy sincere;
When circled in affection's arm,
Whose glance can bitter griefs disarm,
And smile, dispel the tear:

When all that glittering wealth can boast,
Or laurelled fame bestow;
Unites with science' richer zest,
To crown the favoured votary blest,
With happiness below:

O say, from whence the secret care,
That rives without control;
That spurns each bliss as empty air,
While racked, it feels with keen despair,
Vacuity of soul?

Learn, mortal;—the expanding mind,
That essence from above;
Dread Emanation, is designed,
To feast on deathless joys refined,
And drink eternal love.

# STANZAS.

I LOVE the breast that kindly feels The griefs which mortals know; I love the lip whose accent heals The wounds of tearful wo.

The eye that beams with pity's gem, Is bright to every view; Its lustre shades the diadem, Or ruby's sparkling hue.

The form that flies to misery's aid, To dry the orphan's tear; Is grace, combined with ease, displayed, Unrivalled by compeer. Sweet is Apollo's silver strain, And Sappho's melting air; Sweeter the notes that soften pain, And banish dark despair.

Woman, while these unite in thee, We own thy magic still; And every heart, though proudly free, Is vanquished at thy will.

# THE VISION.

A FRAGMENT.

\* \* \* \* I saw the scroll— Its fearful length unfolding far beyond The ken of Angel.

\* \* \* \* ETERNITY was there.

\* \* \* \* The trumpets sounded,
The golden harps attuned triumphant lays,
To him who was, who is, and is to come,
Creation's king; when lo, the Seraph
Whom first I saw, advancing, gave the sign,
And heaven's vast courts were still;—with rapid strides
Approached the Monarch, hoar unwearied time,
To him, the chief, he trembling, yielded up
His dread account: The Cherub raised the signet,
Jehovah's manuel, and on the parchment was imprest
Another year—Again the trumpets sounded;
The tuneful harps again lent melody,
And swelled on high, the blessed, the sacred song.

## AFRICA.

" ETHIOPIA SHALL STRETCH OUT HER HANDS UNTO THEE."

WHILE on the distant Hindoo shore, Messiah's cross is reared; While Pagan votaries bow no more, With idol blood besmeared:

While Palestine again doth hear, The gospel's joyful sound; While Islam crescents disappear, From Calvary's holy ground:

Say, shall not Afric's fated land, With news of grace be blest? Say, shall not Ethiopia's band, Enjoy the promised rest? Ye heralds of a Saviour's love, To Afric's regions fly; O haste, and let compassion move, For millions doomed to die.

Blessed Jesus, who for these, hath bled, Wilt thou the captives free; And Ethiopia, too, shall spread Her ransomed hands to thee.

## THE TOMB OF JESUS.

THE MUSSULMEN IN PALESTINE HAVE TAKEN POSSESSION OF THE HOLY SEPULCHEE IN JERUSALEM; AND THE ABBE FORBIN JANSON HAS PROCEEDED TO CONSTANTINOPLE, TO RECLAIM FROM THE GRAND SEIGNOR THE KEEPING OF THE TOMB OF JESUS. IT PRODUCES AN ANNUAL INCOME OF \$260,000.

On Shinah's plain, where David's gem appeared,
The star that walked you bright serene alone,
Whose mystic ray the Bethlehem shepherds cheered
While angel-bands in blessed effulgence shone,
With radiance flaming from the ethereal throne;
On Shinah's plain, where Siloa's fountains rise,
Whose murmuring stream glides mournful now, and
lone,

The holy pilgrim from afar descries
The Tomb of Jesus, Lord Supreme of earth and skies.

'Twas there the Ancient of Eternal Day, The blest Immanuel, slumbered in the grave; He whose right arm, enclothed with awful sway, To countless worlds their form and being gave, When chaos reigned and shoreless was the wave.

'Tis hallowed ground—proclaim it not—for there
Is crime;—Calvary, polluted by the Islam slave;
A scathing curse for him will wrath prepare,
And bolts in heaven for those who the dark traffic share.

O soon may Shiloh bless the fated land,
The unhallowed crescent there be seen no more;
The lawless wanderer, and Arabia's band,
Forsake their prophet, and the cross adore,
While songs of joy resound on Jordan's shore.
Soon may the banner of our Jesus wave
On glittering heights, where lofty minarets soar;
Nations confess that He who died to save,
The blessed Messiah, lives and reigns for evermore.

JULY, 1818.

### VISITING THE SCENES

OF CHILDHOOD.

HAIL, former scenes of childhood's early day, When peaceful joys beguiled my infant hours; These youthful scenes demand a tuneful lay, Assist, O Muse, with all thy artless powers.

Hail, dear abode; I love the well known place, Where hours of bliss on downy pinions flew; Here by-past years, with pensive thought I trace, For here was peace, here happiness I knew.

Beneath that elm, which spreads its rural shade In native grandeur o'er the smiling plain, My early vows to tender love I paid, Nor knew of care, nor thought of future pain. See yonder stream whose gentle current flows, Calm and secure, from every threatening storm, Pure as that stream are joys which youth bestows, No grief disturbs, and each fond hope is warm.

Ye scenes of sweet, and hallowed early peace, Your halcyon hours I view with pleasing pain; They quickly flew, and saw my joys increase, For then contentment owned its happy reign: Fled are those hours, those hours to me so dear, And naught is left but memory and a tear.

AUGUST, 1814.

# PLEASURE.

Is it in wealth? Go, probe the breast Of fortune's sumptuous heir:

Ah, why doth secret wo infest,

And anguish canker there?

Is it in fame? Her empty breath, Inconstant as the breeze, Will blast, anon, the laurel wreath That late it formed to please.

Is it in friendship, or in love?
Alas, they quick decay:
The tears of hapless sorrow prove
How frail this boasted stay.

'Tis not in all that here excels,
'Tis not in folly's round;
But with Immanuel's love it dwells,
And there alone is found.

#### CLOSE OF THE WEEK.

While the solemn note of Time Warns me of his hasty tread; While the silent march of days Tells—" another week hath fled;" While the hum of busy toil, Works of care, and labour cease; While the six days' weary strife Yields to holy, welcome peace,

Let me all the past review: Much hath heaven bestowed on me, Much have I to folly given; Gop! what have I done for thee?

Nearer to my final hour,
Am I sealed with Jesus' blood?
Nearer to eternity,
Am I nearer to my God?
Hasten, pilgrim, on thy way,
Gird thee at the martyr's shrine;
Hasten, pilgrim—why delay?
Immortality is thine.

## STANZAS,

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF MR. A-T-

OF PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

THERE is a grief, that grief is holy, For those that blessed in Jesus die: Religion calms the melancholy, And smooths the pillow where they lie.

There is a sweet, a soothing sadness For those whom we shall see no more; Yet mellowed, 'tis allied to gladness, For every toil and tear is o'er.

And why should the survivers weep, When those beloved, from pain are free? Why murmur when they cross the deep That shadows forth eternity? Hath not their Saviour trod the way, By his own word confirmed them blest? "From henceforth sacred be their clay, "Yea, saith the spirit, for they rest."

Ye murmurs, hush; complaints, be still; We would not, dare not, Lord, repine; Thou mad'st us for thy perfect will, Friends and affections, all are Thine.

Yet, chastened, while we bow before thee, With resignation own thee just, And humbly yield thy own unto thee, Forgive the tear that dews the dust.

We mourn, when recollected worth Is to the closing tomb consigned; The stay of age, the guide of youth, Is, silently, with earth enshrined.

We triumph, for the fatal sting Subdued, is past: removed is pain; Faith doth the holy solace bring, "Our loss is his eternal gain."

We triumph, for the grave unsealing, Shall one day yield, what now is sown: Jesus, his glorious power revealing, Will rouse the dust and call his own.

### WEEP NOT.

Weep not, when sad distress is nigh, When bliss and transient pleasures fly; When earthly blessings droop and fade, When all is wrapt in sorrow's shade.

Weep not, when death with cruel dart, Pierces some idol of the heart; When hallowed friendship decks the bier, When tender love would claim the tear.

Weep not, for as the morning cloud, Doth nature's radiant smiles enshroud; But scatters soon;—these gloomy woes, Shall flee, and all be calm repose.

Weep not, for as the floweret fair, Is crushed with winter's blighting air; Pressed rudely down, it droops its head, And all its varied hues are fled:

With opening spring, its bloom revives; Again, the beauteous floweret lives; Thus, when life's wintry storms are o'er, The friend revives, to die no more.

#### DECAY OF SPRING.

FAIR, blooming Spring, appears with smile serene;
All nature beams with innocence and love:
No more stern winter glooms the opening sky,
The frigid north receives its hoary sire.
Now man walks forth to taste the fragrant breeze
At early morn, ere Phœbus' burning ray
Sips the chaste dew that gems the blushing flower.
O how his soul expands with thrilling joy;
With eager bound, he, blithesome, treads the lawn,
While grateful praise his ardent bosom warms.

Sweet are the joys of Flora's happy reign,
When rural pleasure smiles; but soon the hour
Will come, nor shall delay, when that fair Spring
Whose virgin charms the raptured harp hath told,
Shall quick recede, yea, flee as fast away
As the bright meteor of a lowering sky,
Or as fond dreams when youthful fancy leads,
Whispering of peace, while memory wakes to tears.
All, all will flee, these flowers will fade away,

Urged on by time the halcyon moments fly,
In the dark region of eternal night
Shall they be lost, while man alone survives.
O then how wise, how blessed supremely he
Who views, beyond the narrow bounds of Time,
The happy realms of pure ethereal joy;
When earth shall flee, and skies dissolve away,
This soul shall anchor on the peaceful shore:
No raging storm, no blighting winter there;
For calm is Heaven, and love divine shall prove
The smiling dawn of an eternal Spring.

#### I LOVE THE BLUSH.

I LOVE the blush of early morn, That beams with rosy hue; When sparkling o'er the verdant lawn, It gems the crystal dew.

'Tis then I muse on Mary's smile, Which dimpling bright and fair, Dark sorrow's ills can e'en beguile, And charm each latent care.

I love the mildly pensive ray, That lonely twilight cheers: When gleaming 'mid the close of day, It shines through evening's tears.

'Tis then fond memory, whispering says, While throbs my bosom move, That such is Mary's tender gaze, And such her glance of love.

# ETERNITY.

The shadowy reign of time had passed away,
Systems had fled, and suns illumed no more;
The starry gems were lost in radiant day,
The last shrill trump had waked the distant shore;
Its clang had ceased, and silence was in heaven.
I saw the marshalled cordon of the sky,
In glittering ranks, bestud the trackless plain;
The tomb's pale monarch bound in chains stood by,
The prince of darkness, with his powers, was nigh;
While ransomed myriads swelled the countless train.

I saw the scroll—

\* \* \* \*

Endiess duration never can unfold.

Dread Uncreate—The life of Deity was there.

Its awful signet shall remain untold;

No strains in heaven may tell, no curse in hell shall dare

The dreadful years of dark Eternity declare.

# IMPROMPTU,

Occasioned by the rejection of the bill, recently introduced into the House of Delegates of Maryland, to alter the Constitution so as to place the Jews on an equal footing with the Christians, as it regards political rights.

WHAT, still reject the fated race, Thus long denied repose; What, madly striving to efface, The rights that heaven bestows?

Say, flows not in each Jewish vein, Unfettered by control, A tide as pure, as free from stain, As warms the Christian's soul?

Do ye not yet the times discern, That these shall cease to roam; That Shiloh, pledged for their return, Will bring his ransomed home?

Be error quick to darkness hurled, No more with hate pursue; For He, who died to save a world, IMMANUEL—was a Jew. TO

## THE DOVE.

SWEET warbler of the painted vest, In nature's fair luxuriance drest; The fondest of the plumaged throng, The lonely bird of plaintive song.

The condar vast, the wren minute, The pheasant gay, the falcon brute, Though bold or pleasing to the eye, Can ne'er with thee, my favourite, vie.

Thou claim'st my sympathy and love; For still in some sequestered grove, Thou dost indulge thy artless moan, And lov'st to sing and sigh alone. Thy tender strain of hapless wo Oft bids the tear of sorrow flow; Thy note exceeds the touch of art, Thy melody attracts the heart.

Yet blithe and cheerful is thy mien, And halcyon mirth with thee is seen: Thou roam'st at large, disporting free, Fidelity a trait of thee.

## VERSES,

IN MEMORY OF MR. W. K. L. OF MASSACHUSETTS, WHO DIED ON THE COAST OF AFRICA, 1820, AGED 29.

> To him by tempests driven, Whom earthly blessings fly; The heart with anguish riven, How sweet it is to die.

> Friend of my youth, adicu!
> Peace to thy sleeping clay;
> For tears were thine, and few
> The flowers to cheer thy way.

Thou slumberest where no more The weary are oppressed; The storm with thee is o'er, And tranquil is thy rest.

Snatched from the angry billow,
When death stood near, wast thou:\*
Yet thou hast made thy pillow,
Upon the cold earth now.

<sup>\*</sup> He had been recently shipwrecked.

No mother sorrowed o'er thee, No father gave the tear; No sister to deplore thee, Or deck thy lonely bier.

The Siroc sweeps thy grave; Around thee, night-kings cry; Naught but the moaning wave, Responds the desert's sigh.

Yet hallowed be thy slumbers, Child of affliction stern; And softly breathe the numbers That consecrate thy urn.

Thy heart, by fate severe, Though torn, was pity's shrine; Thou gav'st the secret tear For other woes than thine.

Friend of my youth, adicu!
Thou hail'st another shore;
Where hope is ever true,
Where tears are found no more.

#### MISSION TO JERUSALEM.

A MISSION HAS BEEN SENT FROM AMERICA TO JERUSALEM. AFTER AGES OF DARKNESS, THE LIGHT OF THE GOSPEL IS ABOUT TO RE-IL-LUMINE THE SHORES OF PALESTINE.

Long hath the crescent's glittering sign, On Salem's temple shone, Long hath Jehovah's awful shrine, Stood desolate and lone.

The tents of Midian tribes unblest, On Shinah's plains have spread; The wanderer's foot hath rudely prest The soil where Jesus bled,

But Shiloh comes to bless the land, And Israel's tribes restore; Lo, Edom, with Assyria's band, On Calvary shall adore. Fair Lebanon shall hear his voice, And lands where Jordan flows, With Sharon's desert, shall rejoice, And blossom as the rose.

No more shall Zion's daughter mourn, Nor captive Judah sigh; Jehovah shall her walls adorn, And bring his ransomed nigh.\*

\*And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs; and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

ISAIAH.

#### FAIR IS THE SCENE.

FAIR is the scene when the mists of the morning, Chased o'er the mountains, fly quickly away; Rich is the view when the faint blush of dawning, Brightening, discloses the empire of day.

Splendid the pomp when the glad beam advancing, Illumines with glory its march through the sky; Gilding the landscape, its beauties enhancing, As it flings o'er creation its deep azure dye.

Chaste is the ray when the night star is gleaming, Lovely and lone in its orbit of blue; Mild is the halo when Cynthia beaming, Mellows the shade with her silvery hue.

Dear are these charms, and this bosom will ever Own, with devotion, their magic to please; But ne'er while there's truth be forgetful, O never, That the smile of affection is sweeter than these.

#### DEATH OF ST. CLAIR.

'Tis done; no more shall valour crave The pittance due to veteran fame; 'Tis done; the lowly, peaceful grave Hath sealed the hoary warrior's claim.

The solemn pomp, the decent sigh Bespeak the mournful pageant's gloom; St. Clair's great soul with scornful eye Surveys the mockery of the tomb.

Yet, sainted shade, in future day Shall tears of pure affection flow; And nobler hearts the tribute pay, That envy never could bestow.

But now, let Fame no trumpet swell, Nor Muse the laurel wreath entwine; For these, St. Clair, alone will tell, That naught but misery here was thine.

### STANZAS.

"TO WHOM SHALL WE GO, BUT TO THEE?"

WHEN rankling sorrows wound the soul, And cares invade the breast; When distant seems the blissful goal Of peace and lasting rest:

Where shall the mourning wanderer go, Where shall the sufferer fly; What balm can heal corroding wo, Whose hand those tears can dry?

Say, shall he seek in sounding fame A cure for bitter care; Can echoing praise, or honour's name, Beguile the soul's despair?

Will grandeur, with its dazzling lure, Bestow a kind relief; Can pageant pomp, and pride, ensure A balm for mental grief? Doth pleasure, with bewitching guile, Invite him to her arms? Too soon he finds the glance and smile Are cursed, deceitful charms.

Where shall the mourning wanderer go, O where the sufferer fly? What balm can heal corroding wo, Whose hand, those tears can dry?

Blessed Saviour, 'tis to thee alone He flies, with anguish prest; For thou canst soothe the captive's moan, And give the weary rest.

### THE JEWISH RETURN.

Lo, Judah's courts in sadness mourn,
For Judah's rites are stained;
Her shrines with idol incense burn,
Her altars are profaned:
The temple's pride is cast abroad,
The priests and virgins fled,
And gone, the glory of the Lord,
Which through the Hollest shed.

The thistle blooms where Zion's wall Defied the Assyrian band;
The ruined fragments tottering, fall,
The scorn of Edom's land:
Yet, saith the Lord, my mighty arm
Shall raise her ruins high,\*
My vengeance shall the foes disarm,
That Israel's God deny.

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;The Lord shall gather Jerusalem—he shall build the waste places of Zion."

From distant lands and nations, where The tribes in bondage roam,
They shall return, forget despair,
And shout the ransomed home:
In Zion, on my solemn day,
With songs shall they adore;
And tears and sighs shall flee away,
And sorrow be no more.

# VERSES,

TO AN INTERESTING YOUNG LADY, DEAF AND DUMB.

Weep not, maiden, that thou never Canst thy ardent love express; Weep not fate from thee doth sever, All that would affection bless.

Wouldst thou strive to lighten sorrow? 'Tis the sigh thy breast will free; Wouldst thou soothing accents borrow? All our tears we give to thee.

Though like some sweet budding flower, Which the blush of morn displayed, Pressed by evening's rudest shower, Each loved beauty seems to fade.

Yet the orb of glory risen, Bids the floweret droop no more: Thus the cheering dawn of heaven All thy graces shall restore.

#### PROTECTING PROVIDENCE.

THE power that formed you worlds of flame, That guides the systems in their way, Is kind, and Mercy is his name, Is good, and bounteous is his sway.

He spake those rolling orbs to birth, Is not his sovereign wisdom free? His powerful arm sustains this earth, Mortal! shall he not look on thee?

To him, ascend from viewless space The ether notes of choral praise; Shall not our breathings claim a place, Will he disdain our humble lays? To him, burn countless shrines of heaven, While the veiled cherub shares a part; Will he not bless our offerings given, The incense of a contrite heart?

Then why, O trembler! why these fears? Why shrink at the chastising rod; Mourn, mourn in penitential tears, But doubt no more a righteous God.

#### VETERAN TRIBUTE.

SEVERAL OFFICERS OF THE REVOLUTION BEING LATELY AT THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT, RESOLVED TO VISIT MOUNT VERNON, AND PAY THEIR SAD TRIBUTE AT THE TOMB OF THEIR LAMENTED COPATRIOT AND COMMANDER; AFFORDING AN INTERESTING SUBJECT OF REFLECTION TO ALL WHO REVERE THE MEMORY OF WASHINGTON.

Where deep Potomac rolls its silver stream,
And glides majestic with its watery gleam,
Remote from scenes where commerce loves to dwell,
And far from din, by yonder peaceful dell,
Vernon, majestic, rears its lofty brow,
In simple grandeur, o'er the plain below.
Hail, sacred spot! to freedom ever dear,
Ye votaries, come, and drop the tender tear;
Here sleep the relics, that have once enshrined
The immortal lustre of a heavenly mind.

No longer, Vernon, smile thy roseate bowers, Lost is the fragrance of thy blooming flowers; Mute are the warblers of thy silent groves, And hushed the carols of their early loves; A solemn awe reigns through the hallowed ground, And all is wrapt in solitude profound, The guardian, saviour, of his country sleeps, And freedom's genius, here, her vigil keeps.

Lo, at his shrine Columbia's heroes stand,
Deep, sacred grief pervades the veteran band,
No language there, dispels the mournful gloom,
No accents break the silence of the tomb;
Each labouring breast doth with emotions heave,
Each heart surcharged, the deep-drawn sigh doth breathe;
These speak his worth, these heartfelt tributes show
A grief too deep for kindly tears to flow.

Ye hoary warriors, calm your sacred grief,
No more lament your loved departed chief;
Soon shall ye join him in the fields above,
To part no more, but dwell in endless love;
The bright reward attends the faithful blest,
Where falchions slumber, and where soldiers rest.

FEBRUARY, 1818.

# STANZAS.

" THEY THAT SOW IN TEARS, SHALL REAP IN JOY."

THERE is an hour of hallowed peace,
For those with cares distressed,
When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease,
And all be hushed to rest:
'Tis then the soul is freed from fears,
And doubts that here annoy:
Then they that oft have sown in tears,
Shall reap again in joy.

There is a home of sweet repose,
Where storms assail no more,
The stream of endless pleasure flows
On that celestial shore:
There smiling peace with love appears,
And bliss without alloy;
There they, that once have sown in tears,
Now reap eternal joy.

When the revealing hour is near,
That shall unveil the tomb;
When filled with doubt and trembling fear,
We pass the valley's gloom:
Saviour, calm thou our rising fears;
Let praise our lips employ,
That we, who here have sown in tears,
May reap in heaven with joy.

#### WINTER.

Arrayed in gloom, stern WINTER reigns, With aspect chill and drear;
The streams are locked in icy chains,
The tempest howls severe.

No more is heard the songster's lay, That echoed through the grove; The robin shuns the teafless spray, And chants no more of love.

Yon orb emits a feeble gleam, That lingers, cold and lone; Its evanescent, fitful beam, Proclaims that joy has flown.

Emblem of life, all nature wears, A robe of cheerless hue; The storms assail, like gloomy cares, As sad,—as frequent too. But soon these clouds shall disappear, The fields with verdure smile; The bubbling brook meander clear, The robin's note beguile.

The vernal showers shall dew the earth, While genial suns illume;
The beauteous flowerets spring to birth,
And golden harvests bloom.

Thus, like the rays of Winter's morn, That cheerless prospects bring; These gloomy cares precede the dawn Of an unfading spring.

### THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

WHEN 'mid the haunts of shame and sin, We view the child of wo; What is that sympathy within, Which bids compassion flow?

'Tis gentle Pity's melting voice, In accents whispering mild, That prompts the feeling mind to haste, And save the hapless child.

Affection strives with earnest love, Its footsteps to reclaim; And bring the wanderer home, to prove The worth of Jesus' name.

Thus, when amid some desert scene, Where naught the traveller cheers; Half hid by plants of savage mien, The lonely flower appears:

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Its sweets his raptured sense beguile, With charms of native zest; He gently plucks, and, with a smile, Conveys it to his breast.

As tender plants of varied hue, In Flora's dress arrayed, Require the warmth, and early dew, With rich, and kindly aid—

Thus, Lord, these plants which thou hast sown, Require thy grace divine; The glorious work is all thy own, The increase shall be thine,

### CHILESE WARRIOR'S SONG.

HARK, comrades, hark, the trumpet's swell
Proclaims the note of war;
The death-drum roll and bugle tell
The din of battle far:
To free a bleeding natal land
From Leon's galling chain,
The warrior grasps the glittering brand,
And steeps the crimsoned plain;
While Plata rolls and Andes rise,
Each Chilese heart shall Freedom prize.

Awake, too long has bondage hurled
Its curse on freedom's soil;
Awake, too long a suffering world
Has groaned with slavery's spoil;
The deepened shades of slumbering night
Enscrolled, are rolling far,
The dawn that bodes meridian light,
Has dimmed the risen star;
While Plata rolls and Andes rise,
Each Chillese heart shall Freedom prize.

Awake, awake to glorious fight,

'Tis home and country calls,

The watch-word sounds, "Our God and right,"

The vanquished foeman falls.

'Tis heaven approves the soldier's guard,

In gory battle-fray;

'Tis virtue wreaths a bright reward,

To crown the victor day;

While Plata rolls and Andes rise,

Each Chilese heart shall Freedom prize,

### THY WILL BE DONE.

When sorrow casts its shade around, And pleasure seems our course to shun; When naught but grief and care is found, How sweet to say, "Thy will be done."

When sickness lends it pallid hue, And every dream of bliss hath flown; When quickly from the fading view, Recede the joys that once were known;

The soul resigned, will still rejoice, Though life's last sand hath nearly run; With humble faith and trembling voice, It still responds, "Thy will be done."

When called to mourn the early doom Of one, affection held most dear; While o'er the closing silent tomb The bleeding heart distils the tear; Though love its tribute, sad, will pay, And earthly streams of solace shun, Still, still the humbled soul will say, In lowly dust, "Thy will be done."

Whate'er, O Lord, thou hast designed To bring my soul to thee, its trust; If mercies or afflictions kind, For all thy dealings, Lord, are just,

Take all; but grant in goodness free, That love which ne'er thy stroke would shun, Support this heart, and strengthen me, To say in faith, "Thy will be done."

## THE MORNING STAR.

I AM THE ROOT AND THE OFFSPRING OF DAVID, AND THE BRIGHT AND MORNING STAR. REV. XXII. 16,

Benighted on the troublous main,
While stormy terrors clothe the sky;
The trembling voyager strives in vain,
And naught but dark despair is nigh;
When lo, a gem of peerless light,
With radiant splendour shines afar;
And through the clouds of darkest night,
Appears the Bright and Morning Star.

With joy he greets the cheering ray,
That beams on ocean's weary breast;
Precursor of a smiling day,
It lulls his fears to peaceful rest;
No more in peril doth he roam,
For night and danger, now are far;
With steady helm he enters home,
His guide the Bright and Morning Star.

Thus when affliction's billows roll,
And waves of sorrow and of sin,
Beset the fearful, weeping soul,
And all is dark and drear within:
'Tis Jesus, whispering strains of peace,
Drives every doubt and fear afar;
He bids the raging tempest cease,
And shines the Bright and Morning Star.

## REDEMPTION.

ARISE, SHINE, FOR THY LIGHT IS COME. ISa. 1x. 1.

HARK, 'tis the prophet of the skies Proclaims Redemption near; The night of death and bondage flies, The dawning tints appear.

Zion, from deepest shades of gloom, Awakes to glorious day; Her desert wastes with verdure bloom, Her shadows flee away.

To heal her wounds, her night dispel, The heralds\* cross the main; On Calvary's awful brow they tell, That Jesus lives again.

\*Missionaries to Palestine.

From Salem's towers the Islam sign, With holy zeal is hurled, 'Tis there Immanuel's symbols shine, His banner is unfurled.

The gladdening news conveyed afar, Remotest nations hear; To welcome Judah's rising star, The ransomed tribes appear.

Again, in Bethlehem swells the song,
The choral breaks again;
While Jordan's shores the strains prolong,
"Good-WILL, AND PEACE TO MEN!"

## STANZAS.

Nor dogmas of a hidden age Compose Religion's creed; Not Superstition's gloomy page, Stained with some barbarous deed.

Not he, indulging vain pretence, Who boasts the impulse given; Not he that dares Omnipotence, Can hope to enter heaven.

The careless, and the mad profane, Possess no holy calm; The heart that holds Religion vain Can never taste its balm.

But he is blessed, whose thoughts are still From proud presumption free; Who loves mankind, and doth fulfil That precept, Lord, to thee.

# IMPROMPTU,

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF HENRY JANSEN, ESQ."

Jansen, the wish was thine, to view
His Court whose trophy is the tomb;
To scan the scenes that genius true
Hath sketched with more than fancy's gloom.

Fate heard the prayer, 'twas worthy one Longing for immortality; And suddenly, thy labour done, Called thee to dread reality.

Yet shall not terror o'er thee rule, Nor DEATH retain his boasted prize; His COURT was but the vestibule That led thee to thy native skies.

<sup>\*</sup> This gentleman having purchased a ticket of admission to Peale's Painting of "the Court of Death," exhibiting in the Capitol at Albany, while in the act of crossing the threshold leading to the room, fell down and instantly expired.

## WHY WEEPEST THOU?

Doth gloomy fate, with sullen frown
Consume thy soul with care?
Hast thou the draught of misery known
Whose dregs are dark despair?
Art thou oppressed with sorrow's doom,
Thy heart with anguish torn?
O, soon that sad and cheerless gloom
Shall wake a brighter morn.
Then why should sorrow wring thy brow?
Say, mourner, say, "why weepest thou?"

Doth tender love bedeck the bier,

Is dust with dust inurned?

Has one, affection prized so dear,

To heaven and God returned?

The beauteous flower, that charms the eye,

And decks the smiling plain,

With winter's blast, doth fade, and die,

But dies to bloom again;

Then why should sorrow wring thy brow?

Say mourner, say, "why weepest thou?"

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THE

#### SOUTH AMERICAN'S HYMN.

HARK, hark, I hear the hallow sound Borne soft on Zephyr's swell; Symphonious accents murmuring round, From yonder vesper bell.

At Panma's shrine with Ave-Marie, Their beads the sisters tell; They bless the sacred rosary At sound of vesper bell.

The choral wakes the virgin song, In strains that wo dispel; It mingles with devotion's throng, Called by the vesper bell.

How sweet the thrilling chant of praise, How rich the vocal swell; How blessed the solemn vow to raise, At hallowed vesper bell. And while we bend with kindling love, Doth not some whisper tell, That 'mid the vaulted arch above Is heard the vesper bell?

Yes, well we know, before that shrine Whose flame doth night dispel,
The Cherub bows with joy divine,
At holy vesper bell.

## TO THE NORTH STAR.

BRIGHT Star, while thou thy lonely way
Pursu'st in yon expanse of blue,
Thy gem-like form and steady ray
Attract the heedless peasant's view,
And his, whose thoughts to unknown regions stray.

Full oft the wanderer, fortune's child,
Benighted, sad, and doomed to roam,
Beholds with joy thy aspect mild,
That tells of happiness and home,
And guides him onward 'mid the trackless wild.

Oft, too, the sea-boy marks thy beam,
When ocean sleeps in peaceful calm;
While o'er its breast thy gentle gleam
Plays wanton, and with sacred charm
Lulls the wrapt soul in fancy's pleasing dream.

And oft, sweet Star, at even-tide,
When all around is hushed to rest,
My thoughts ascend, and pensive glide
To distant climes and regions blest,
Where wo-worn care and grief would gladly hide.

And fancy whispers in mine ear,

That those who once were here beloved,
To friendship and affection dear,

Now from this fleeting scene removed,
Repose, bright Star, in thy ethereal sphere.

# THOU SIT'ST, O GOD.

Thou sit'st, O God, enthroned on high, In viewless splendour rayed; Before the lustre of thine eye The brightest glories fade.

Though thou art high, yet thou dost hear The lowly suppliant's moan; Though thou art great, each secret tear Begems thy radiant throne.

When shafts of anguish wound the soul, Thy healing balm is nigh; When tempests rise, and billows roll, To thee, alone, we fly.

\* \* \* \*

Then hush, dark sorrow's weeping child, Tossed on life's troublous sea, In strains of peace he whispers mild, "Fear not, for I'm with thee."

### STANZAS.

IS IT NOT A LITTLE ONE. -- Gen. xix. 20.

Or all the varied cheats in life, To which misguided mortals run, There's none with sorer evils rife, Than "Is it not a little one?"

When strong allurement leads astray, How fair the web by flattery spun, The ready opiate smooths the way, Sure "Is it not a little one?"

Curst avarice, to itself unkind, Would e'en life's needed blessings shun, And hoarding pelf, deceives the mind, With "Is it not a little one?"

The youth, debauched in folly's maze, Health, fame, and fortune, all undone, Too late the whispering cheat betrays, Of "Is it not a little one?" Intemperance, murdering life, and soul, Would fain reflection's moment shun; And says, replenishing the bowl, Sure "Is it not a little one?"

Beguiled by love's seducive strain, The hapless maiden is undone; While listening to the falsehood vain, Of "Is it not a little one?"

Beware fond youth, its fell control, This fatal source of ruin shun; Reflect in time, nor cheat the soul, With "Is it not a little one?"

#### CAPTIVE JEWESS.

A Jewish lady of exquisite beauty, had with her husband been taken captive by the Saracen commander of a fleet cruising on the coast of Palestine. The brutal captain being about to commit violence on her person, she called to her husband, who was within hearing, but in chains, and asked him in Hebrew, whether they who were drowned in the sea should revive at the resurrection of the dead? He replied in the words of Psalm lxvii. 22. "The Lord said, I will bring again from Basan, I will bring from the depths of the sea." Upon which she immediately threw herself into the sea, and was drowned.

Though ne'er for thee, on Shinah's plain, Is reared the sculptured urn; Though Judah's harp ne'er swells the strain, Nor Salem's daughters mourn:

Though ne'er shall minstrel lyre of wo Thy fame and virtues tell; Though ne'er the dirge in numbers slow, Shall hymn thy parting knell:

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Yet softly rests thy weary head, Where ocean's flowerets bloom; Beneath the deep, thy coral bed, Is virtue's hallowed tomb.

And oft, when eve's pale star alone In sadness dims the wave, The lonely surge will gently moan Its requiem o'er thy grave.

Then rest in peace, and when no more The raging billows sleep, The LORD JEHOVAH will restore, And bring thee from the deep.

# SOLITUDE.

I LOVE at evening's silent tide, When busy care hath flown, In some sequestered dell to hide, And pensive, muse alone.

'Tis then in solitude refined, Reflection feels its zest; 'Tis then the contemplative mind With Reason's charms is blest.

'Tis then the expanding soul ascends, And roves through fields above; 'Tis then the mystic Essence blends With uncreated love. O Solitude, thy soothing charm Can conquer fell despair; Can sad affliction's sting disarm, And banish every care.

While folly's votary shuns thy shrine, And grandeur fears thy power; Still be thy rich enjoyments mine, 'To bless life's fleeting hour.

# TO THE COMET,

THAT APPEARED JULY, 1819.

Mystic stranger! blaze of light, Messenger of good or ill; Portent to the wondering sight, What behest dost thou fulfil?

Dost thou tell of blight afar, Or shall health's kind blessings cease? Dost thou omen direful war, Or confirm the notes of peace?

Art thou missioned from above,
O, celestial herald, say,
Dost thou bring the dawn of love,
Wakening the millenial day?

Could we thus with rapture meet thee, Emanation of the skies, How would songs of triumph greet thee, How would mingling praises rise! But though Wisdom hath denied, Finite skill, thy course to tell; Though thy errand's undescribed, Yet we know that all is well.

HE that speaks in dreadful thunder, Throned in power above the sky; He, before whose viewless splendour, All thy radiant glories die:

He that holds the bolt of heaven, Systems, which their course fulfil, He, whose glance all time hath riven, God, will guard his children still.

Mystic orb, then urge thy flight, Soon thy meteor-reign is o'er, While thou burn'st, the gem of night, We, admiring, God adore.

## THE WRECK.

THE ocean frowned darkly, the tempest blew, And the thunders heavily rolled;
The billow, late trembling with cerulean blue,
Now blackening in anger was scrolled.

'Twas sad, for borne on the echo of night, Came the voice of the furious blast; 'Twas drear, for no ray lent its beacon light, Save the lightning that fearfully past.

'Twas lonely, for naught could the wind-god descry, Save the barque that breasted the foam; In the moanings of midnight, the mariner's cry Was heard, bewailing of home.

The fires of home burn bright, but ne'er Shall they shine on the mariner's grave; The smiles of affection, the prattlers are there, But the father—lies cold in the wave.

## HYMN

#### TO THE DEPARTED.

Peaceful rest, ye silent dead, Rest, ye weary wanderers, rest, Gentle is your earthy bed; Quiet is the aching breast.

Peaceful rest, for o'er the tomb Weeping willows love to wave; Rest, for Spring's perennial bloom Clusters fairest on the grave.

Rest, for life is but a dream; Bliss is naught but gilded wo; They that live enjoy the gleam, They that slumber truly know.

Rest! no sorrow can befall ye, Mingle with the valley's clod; Rest, till nature's cry shall call ye, Call ye to approach your God.

#### 'TIS MIDNIGHT.

'Tts midnight, and on Olive's brow The star is dimm'd that lately shone; 'Tis midnight; in the garden now, The suffering Saviour prays alone.

'Tis midnight, and from all removed, Immanuel wrestles, lone, with fears; E'en the disciple that he loved, Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

'Tis midnight, and for other's guilt The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood; Yet he that hath in anguish knelt, Is not forsaken by his God.

'Tis midnight, and from ether plains, Is borne the song that angels know; Unheard by mortals are the strains That sweetly sooth the Saviour's we.

#### THE DUELLIST.

THERE is a curse,—'tis dark and fell, As fallen spirits know; It rings affliction's deepest knell, It stamps despairing wo:

'Tis thou, FALSE HONOUR, baleful fiend, That lur'st with secret guile: 'Tis thou, by tyrant custom screened, That murders with a smile.

'Tis thou that spurn'st the hallowed ties, That mutual souls entwine; By friendship's hand, the victim dies, An offering at thy shrine. The woes that rend the widowed breast, And writhe with keen despair, The sigh that speaks the heart oppressed, The hapless orphan's tear:

These are thy triumphs, Honour, these The trophies of thy fame;
And such the envied laurel wreaths,
That cluster round thy name.

#### IMMORTALITY.

What is it cheers the aching breast,
What bids corroding sorrows flee?
What sooths the heart with accents blessed?
'Tis hope of Immortality.

When tired of this revolving span, This painful, disappointing round, If asked of bliss, poor hapless man Responds, "on earth it is not found."

For here, misfortune's angry lour Shadows the fairest, brightest morn; And he that crops the straggling flower, Is wounded with the secret thorn.

The fairy dreams that sense beguile, Like dreams, how soon they disappear! And who can boast, when e'en Love's smile Is but the prelude to a tear? What panacea blest shall cure
The soul-disease, satiety?
What, but the prospect, bright, and sure,
Of pleasing Immortality?

Life is a desert, but afar
The pillar burns with steady ray;
And HOPE OF FUTURE, is the star
That guides the wanderer on the way.

Here then, I'll hold, and doubt disclaim, And while I bid despondence flee, Will, grateful, bless my Maker's name, For hope of Immortality.

## GALILEE.

"AND HE AROSE AND REBUKED THE WIND, AND SAID UNTO THE SEA, PEACE! BE STILL."

NIGHT mantles Judea, but the star hath not shone On thy bosom, Galilee;

The tempest is loud, yet the barque alone
Is labouring o'er the sea;

The Master, entranced, rides the foam of the wave—O say, shall its womb yield the Godhead a grave?

Heeds not the Redeemer the thunder's increase:
Shall he not the proud whirlwind disarm?

For see, he hath gone to the slumbers of peace;— With Jesus all is calm:

By his waves and his tempest, the Maker is tost; In dreams, beatific, the Sleeper is lost.

The disciple, in terror, hath sprung from his rest, Yet vain is the shipmen's skill,

Till aroused, HE of Nazareth, proclaims the behest,

"Ye billows, peace, be still!"

The billows, obedient, have sunk on the shore, The sea sleeps in murmurs, the tempest is o'er. O thus, when my soul on life's ocean is tost, That sea without a calm;

When faith shines but dimly, each hope is lost, And all is rude alarm;

When the waves of remembrance, in mountain-wreaths roll,

When the billows of sin have gone over my soul:

At the Cross of the Sufferer, while humbled to weep, I mourn my stubborn will,

Do thou, in compassion, rebuke the deep,
And whisper "Peace! be still!"
The billows, obedient, will die on the shore,
The sea sleep in murmurs, the tempest be o'er.

#### STANZAS.

"LOOK AT T'OTHER SIDE."

WHEN JIM, one day, with brother JOE, A simple, thoughtless clown; With father's leave, set out to go And see the shows in town:

It chanced, with idly gaping round, Each wonder to descry; An orange fair and seeming sound, Caught Joe's attentive eye.

Joe gazed awhile, and quick had bought, Whith haste and chuckling pride; But Jim, a youth of keener thought, Said,—" look at t'other side!"

Joe viewed again, without ado, And questioned well his sight; For underneath, half hid from view, The fruit was rotten quite: And since that well remembered day, Whatever doth betide; Joe ne'er by wrong, is led astray, But "looks at t'other side!"

When scandal takes its busy round, With huge, and sweeping stride; Joe heeds it not:—with thought profound, He "looks at t'other side!"

When fools, arrayed in fortune's smile, Are puffed with haughty pride; Joe envies first,—then thinks awhile, And "looks at t'other side!"

When urged in DISSIPATION'S maze, Corroding griefs to hide; Joe views the bowl with loathing gaze, And "looks at t'other side!"

When sad distress and care are nigh, And faithless friends deride; With humble hope, and tearful eye, Joe "looks at t'other side!"

And when, life's raging tempest past, No more he stems the tide; With joy on YONDER SHORES, at last, He'll view " the other side!"

# THE HINDOO.

O'er wide Hindostan's sultry plain,
The raging tiger seeks his food;
In jungle-depths the savage foe
Waits the accustomed hour of blood;
Alike his views, alike his aim,
There, too, degraded man appears,
Of bigotry the abject slave,
The child of ignorance and fears.

Reckless of soul, to him unknown
The Uncreate who spans the sky;
The power that fills a burning throne,
The God who hears the contrite cry;
He kneels, but 'tis at Moloch's shrine;
He prays,—unhallowed is the prayer;
The alter owns his midnight sigh,
'Tis superstition drives him there.

He offers; and the crimsoned car
Smokes with the sacrifice unblest;
Curst expirations bathed in crime,
With rites unholy, stand confest;
No tear is his for sin forgiven,—
The wave that washed Immanuel's feet—
For him there shines no ray of heaven,
The cloud yet veils his mercy-seat.

Christian, for him the ethereal bow, Glowed the bright promise on the cloud; Christian, for him the star arose, Herald of mercy from a God; Go then,—to the poor Hindoo race The Godhead's wondrous plan disclose; Go, tell the wretch, of pard'ning grace, Tell him that Jesus died and rose.

# LINES,

ON VIEWING THE GRAVE OF FRANKLIN.

No lofty cenotaph his worth attests; No gilded tomb proclaims where Franklin rests: An humble stone, half hidden, meets the eye, And marks his couch whose fame can never die. The traveller here, by admiration led, Thus sighs his tribute to the mighty dead: "Franklin the loved, here rests in mother earth, Great by true merit, though of lowly birth; His mind a maxim, plain, yet keenly shrewd, A heart with large benevolence endued; Now scanning cause with philosophic aim, And now arresting the ethereal flame; Great as a statesman, as a patriot true, Courteous in manners, yet exalted too; A stern republican,-by kings caressed, Modest, by nations is his memory blessed. Wanderer! such genius to an age is given, To prove our race the offspring of you heaven.

### FILIAL LOVE.

Filial Devotion,—dear the tie,
That binds the parent to the child;
'Tis from affection's rich supply,
The streams of bliss flow undefiled.
What youthful mind loves not to dwell
On deeds which care parental prove?
What child whose bosom doth not swell
With gratitude and Filial Love?
If such there be—from haunts of men,
Quick, let the guilty wretch withdraw,
Fitter to guard the scorpion's den,
Or wait the cruel tyger's law.

How tender are the hourly cares,
That with the mother's love entwine;
How holy are the frequent prayers
The father pours at midnight's shrine.
Filial devotion! Gratitude!
Emotions to the bosom dear;
I would not on that heart intrude,
Which never gave to you the tear.

My soul! and hast thou daily scanned, With equal zeal, His guardian power, Whose breath supports, whose bounteous hand, Unaided, holds existence' hour?

While, day by day, the full supplies
Thou need'st, are given thee from above;
Wilt thou not humbly recognise
In these, a watchful father's love?
Recipient of Heaven's liberal store,
The pensioner of Mercy's Throne;
Wilt thou not contritely adore
The source of life and love alone?
Great Parent, while I intercede
For daily food to strengthen me,
May I, with holy fervour, plead
Thy quickening grace to worship Thee.

# STANZAS,

 N VIEWING TRUMBULL'S PAINTING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

To free a groaning, bondaged land, Inspired by right, and valour's flame; On freedom's scroll, the patriot band, Inscribed columbia's deathless fame.

Immerged from toil, and crimsoned war, A nation blooms on slavery's grave; Her starry banner floats afar, Her conquering NAVY ploughs the wave.

While robed in peace;—bright valour's meed, Columbia walks with mighty stride: She ne'er forgets the godlike deed, That stemmed oppression's haughty tide.

Though envious Time's relentless hand, Hath nipped the bud of glory's plume; Though now repose the sainted band, Where laurels deck the warrior's tomb: The PENCIL speaks!—again they breathe!
Again, the veteran forms aspire;
We view each PATRIOT bosom heave,
We mark the glow of holy fire.

Enwrapt in awe, we catch the flame, That kindled on oppression's spoil; And swear, no tyrant foot shall claim A rest on freedom's NATAL SOIL.

### STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

AND LO, THE STAR WHICH THEY SAW IN THE EAST, WENT BEFORE THEM .- EVANGELIST.

O'ER Palestine, the beauteous STAR, Bright stranger, shines with mystic ray; It guides the traveller afar, It cheers the wanderer's weary way.

#### FIRST SHEPHERD.

O, Shepherd! whence the peerless gem, That burns on heaven's expanded brow? Beams there Judea's diadem, Returns a king, or conqueror now?

#### SECOND SHEPHERD.

No diadem for Judah burns, No regal sceptre for her kings; From spoil no conqueror returns, No pageantry the herald brings,— It shines the harbinger of peace: Israel no more shall weep in blood; It bids dark superstition cease, It leads the Magi to a God.

FIRST AND SECOND SHEPHERD.

Star of Redemption! from thy sphere, Peerless, and bright, thou wanderest lone; Shine on our path, dispel each fear, And guide us to the Infant's throne.

#### THE DARK WAVE OF ERIE.

'Tis midnight, the dark wave of Erie flows lone,
'Mid the gloom of the forest that shadows it round;
The slow-winding surge lends its deep sullen moan,
And the rock-beating billow remurmurs the sound.

'Tis midnight, and see, 'mid the gleam of the wave, Where 'neath the cold ray their sad vigils they keep; In the mists of the foaming, the souls of the brave, As all lonely, they march o'er the cliff of the deep.

'Tis midnight; they tell when the thunder of war,
Proclaimed the approach of the dark battle fray,\*
When the shrill-blast and death-drum, rolled deeply and
far,

While the angel of blood hovered high o'er his prey.

<sup>\*</sup> The memorable 10th of September, 1813.

Look afar,—'tis hope's symbol, the flag of the FREE!

Through the red cloud it gleams on the war-wounded mast;

Proud stripes! soon to wave o'er the broad-crested sea, Bright pledge of the future, the pride of the past.

The tall barks in conflict ensulphured, have neared, Death gleams on the blade as they charge on the foe; Hark, 'tis the glad shout of valour and victory heard, Columbia, thy foemen in battle are low!

#### \* \* \* \*

'Neath the dark waves of Erie now slumber the brave, In the deep bed of waters, forever, they rest; The proud wreaths of freedom have bannered their grave,

The souls of the heroes in memory are blest,

#### STANZAS.

What heart that Hope hath not misled In fancy's early dream?
Who hath not revelled in the sweets
Of childhood's careless day.

'Tis painful, mid the wreck of time Eternally gone by, To scan the bliss of other years, Bliss, that shall ne'er return.

To some, existence is a sea Of calm, unruffled joy: To others, 'tis a troubled deep Of wretchedness and tears.

For me, awaits no airy dream, Of pure unclouded joy; Anticipation dims my way, And retrospection grieves.

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And what is Earth?—a wildering maze, Alluring, yet untrue; The heir of hope may smile,—the child Of misery may die.

To him, by secret wo oppressed, The world bestows no sigh; Ne'er smooths his pillow, or bedews His unobtrusive grave;

Yet there are those that keenly feel The wounds a friend endures; The griefs their own sad hearts have known Excite kind sympathy.

I ask not for the false lament Wealth's minion would bestow; Give me, in life's expiring pang, That tear of POYERTY.

## LINES,

IN MEMORY OF WILLIAM HASLETT, OF PHILADELPHIA,

WHO DIED AT WOODVILLE, MISS. JULY, 1821.

How calm the slumbers of the dead, Where God protects the hallowed clay: Religion consecrates the bed, Where they await the Saviour's day. They rest in hope, though seen no more, Memory their virtues shall renew; From time's rough billow freed, the shore Is theirs, where all is brightly true. Servant of Christ! the meed divine That crowns the just when life hath run, The wreath of deathless love is thine, The plaudit of thy God-" WELL DONE!" Borne on affliction's stormy deep, The path thy Saviour trod before, 'Twas thine in solitude to weep, Yet lowly, meekly to adore.

In foreign climes, when far away
From those whose solace could befriend,
FAITH trusted the Immortal Stay,
Who said, "I'm with you to the end:"
And when thy offspring met their God,
The father wept upon the dust;
The Christian, humbled 'neath the rod,
Confessed Jehovah's dealings just.
Servant of Christ, the night of gloom,
That, cheerless, gathered o'er thy brow,
Awoke the day-spring of the tomb,
Which brightly breaks upon thee now.

TO

### THE SPANISH PATRIOTS.

Patriots, rise! Ye warriors brave, Now assert proud Freedom's cause; Dare be free, and dare to save Country, home, and sacred laws.

Chieftains arm, for fight prepare, See—advance the dastard foe; Freemen rise, the battle share, Soon the tyrant shall be low.

Hark, the clarion's warlike strain, Bids the hero rush to arms; Freedom calls, 'tis not in vain, VICTORY now the foe disarms. 'Tis the cause alone of heaven, Who shall dare oppose its will? Freedom's empire, here is given, Freedom here shall flourish still.

Onward then, ye warriors lead, On to victory and the foe; For your country dare to bleed, Soon the tyrant shall be low.

MARCH 1818.

### WHEN DARKNESS, LORD.

When darkness, Lord, had erst its seat
Throned on the world which thou hadst made,
In ruins at the apostate's feet,
Thy ransomed heritage was laid:
With nations that confessed thee not,
Thy people, once thy chosen, dwelt;
With Edom, Israel cast her lot,
And at unhallowed altars knelt,—

'Till, with restoring beams, the Star Of righteousness, in beauty rose, Scattering the murky shades afar, And bidding night's long empire close. Blest star! while with prophetic eye, The Bethlehemite hailed thee divine, Say, could his warmest hope descry The bliss of which thou wast the sign?

While 'nighted in the depths of sin, By strong temptation led astray; Weary and worn with guilt within, We ask some cheering, friendly ray; Star of the wanderer! though in tears We, frail and helpless, turn to thee, Hope, kindling, dissipates our fears, For thou wilt lead to Calvary.

1821.

## TO AN INFANT,

WHOSE MOTHER DIED A FEW HOURS AFTER ITS BIRTH.

TENDER infant, sorrow greets thee, Sad affliction waits thee here; No glad mother's smile can meet thee, No fond mother check the tear,

Here maternal love can never Watch thy steps with anxious care; Ne'er with sweet emotions ever, In thy artless raptures share.

Cold she sleeps, nor heeds thy plaining, Heeds not sorrows which we see; Dull the ear that heard thee moaning, Closed the eyes that wept on thee.

Scarce thy tender form caressing,
'Tis a voice that calls away,—
Calls her from the new-born blessing,
To eternal blooming day.

But, though thus by her forsaken, God thy parent still will be; With support, and love unshaken, He will prove a friend to thee.

And though now the happy spirit, Through affliction's stormy flood, Hath, pure glories to inherit, Fled away and met its God:

Yet, what consolation given, Let us for the hope adore, On the peaceful shores of heaven, We shall meet to part no more.

There, in sweet communion ever, Shall we taste celestial joy; Joined again, no more to sever, Love and praise our blest employ.

JUNE, 1819.

#### THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

O'ER Islands of the Southern Sea,
Long had the night of discord hung;
Atooi wept, and cruelty
Her mantle o'er Owhyhee flung;
Till He whose right it is to reign,
Arose and walked the heathen shore;
Destroyed the Taboo's bloody stain,
And bade the Moreeah be no more.

The priest the broken shrine hath left, Enchantment's fearful spell hath gone; The pagan, of his god bereft, Worships Akoaah alone; What arm the Moreeah shall renew, With temples to the living God? The sacrifice is o'er, but who Shall tell the wretch of pardoning blood?

Lo! on the bosom of the wave,
A barque appears; in gallant state
She comes, from guilt and thrall to save,
Redemption is her precious freight;
Rejoice, Pacific! for the day
Hath beamed on those that woke to weep,
Thine islands burn, beneath the ray,
Bright gems upon the circling deep.

### THE CAROLINIAN.

Beside the stream, the grief-worn pilgrim stood, Dark care had marked the stranger for its own; His saddened glance surveyed the murmuring flood, And now forgot, the wanderer wept alone.

The scenes of childhood met his wistful gaze,
'Twas recollection bade the tear to flow,—
His harp that slumbered long, rewoke its lays,
And thus the wild note breathed the minstrel's wo.

"Where dark-waved SANTEE winds its devious way, In rural grandeur 'mid the verdant lawn; Where heath-bells bloom, and ivied tendrils stray, And flowerets glisten with the tears of morn: "'Twas there, while pleasure lent its charms to youth, And all was halcyon bliss, I saw—and loved,—
The Carolinian heard my vows of truth,
The Carolinian's throbbing heart approved.

"'Twas there, when evening's mildly chastened beam, Like early love, looked gently out and smiled, We wandered thoughtful, while the saddening gleam Hallowed with deeper shade the rustic wild.

"O, is there not a time when fancy leaves Her wonted course, and wildly soars away; When thought is rife, and cruel memory breathes In misery's ear the joys of childhood's day?

"'Tis past;—but when the warm and faithful vow, Breathed from the heart and faltering on the ear, Half trembling told what well the maiden knew, O was it crime that then I knew not fear?

"Was there no presage to the bitter wo,
That soon should rive? did not compassion spare;
Was there no source for pity's stream to flow,
No guardian angel whispering kind,—" beware?"

"She sleeps—and cold has gleamed this withered heart, Since first it heard the note of horror tell; Its idol faithless,—O, that fearful start Was quickly o'er, 'twas joy's departing knell."

\* \* \* \* \* \* \*

She sleeps in clay, and 'mid the fitful gleam
Of eve, 'tis said, the Carolinian steals
Along the surge of Santee's troubled stream,
And by the glimmer of the red-bolt kneels;
With arms uplift, she deprecates the day
That saw her crime; she weeps, and quick is hurled away.

## STANZAS

OCCASIONED BY THE CONFLAGRATION OF THE

### ORPHAN ASYLUM,

AT PHILADELPHIA, JAN. 24, 1822.

'Twas midnight, and the northern blast rode high; Nature lay torpid 'neath the iron power Of chill mid-winter. From the clear cold sky, The stars shed quickened lustre; 'twas the hour Of brooding silence, heaviness and death;

Hushed was the Orphan's prayer, And hushed the holy hymn.

Say, is it real,—or but the unquiet breath Of fancy, whispering to the startled ear? O God of Mercy! is there none to save? No powerful arm of blest protection here; No kindly refuge from the burning grave?

'Twas morning,—and the smouldering, blackened pile, The throb of agony, the burst of wo, The eye of eloquence, the Orphan's tale, Spoke the proud triumph of the midnight foe. I wept, and long I wept; yet not for those,
Dear innocents,—who fed the funeral pyre;
For them, escaped from earth and earth-born woes,
Their spirits wafted on one car of fire,
Why should I weep? No, 'twas the shivering child,
The living wretch, that claimed the pitying tear.
When lo, a form I saw, of aspect mild,
Fair Charity amid the throng appear!
Her magic voice bade every heart attend,
Her influence, sweet, each feeling bosom knew,
And soon the helpless Orphan found a friend,
And eyes unknown to weep were moist with Pity's dew:

Again was heard the Orphan's prayer, Again the holy hymn.

### THE MYSTERIOUS GOD.

"VERILY THOU ART A GOD THAT HIDEST THYSELF, O GOD OF 18"
THE SAVIOUR."

God of judgment, round thy throne Terrors rear their awful seat;
Darkness is thy rest alone,
Thunders dwell beneath thy feet;
None can stay thy viewless power,
None avert thy dreadful rod;
Creatures of a feeble hour,
Who shall dictate to a God?

Blessings, bounteous, spring from thee, To thee sings a grateful land;
Sorrows thicken,—Lord, we see
These commissioned by thy hand;
Secrets, dreadful, vast are thine,
To a mystery we bow;
Angels, worms, attend thy shrine,
Dread, inscrutable art Thou!

Yet, though terrors, night and gloom Wait obedient on thy word,
Though no cheering smiles illume,
Still we trust a faithful God;
Still we anchor on the Rock,
Jesus, our immortal stay;
E'en the weakest of his flock,
He will never cast away.

### TO CYNTHIA.

Sweet orb of night, I saw thee rise
In cloudless lustre o'er the plain,
I saw thee climb the azure skies,
With radiant splendours in thy train.
I marked thy mildly pensive beam
At midnight's still and hallowed hour,
I watched the fitful, lonely gleam
That played on yonder ivied tower.

Sweet orb of night, full oft I love,
When every care and toil is o'er,
To wander 'mid the silent grove,
And there the Source of Light adore:
O then, how false all else appears,
While wrapt in awe thy course I view,
And see thee mount the starry spheres,
And tread the fields of heavenly blue.

Sweet orb of night, when I no more
Shall trace thy lovely, mournful ray,
When freed from earth, my soul shall soar
To scenes of blest ethereal day,—
Should one loved friend bestow a tear
When all is wrapt in solemn gloom,
O guide the maiden to my bier,
And shed thy radiance o'er the tomb.

### ARE NOT MY DAYS FEW?

Hast thou not treasured the amount, All-wise Creator, of my days? In thy dread councils are not few The years appointed man?

Soon I shall lay this weary frame To rest upon its native bed; This form, the worm's unconscious prey, Will slumber peacefully.

Pleasure, ambition,—ah, how frail, Deceiving, will ye then appear; Inscribed with luring falsehood all, All, O my God, but thee. Why then should folly's passing dream The mind's best energies control? Why should the world's vain pageantry Allure the soul from heaven?

Why should I sigh when sorrow's cloud, Gathering, obscures life's little day? When disappointment withers hope, Why should I weep?

Teach me, my Maker, earth to prize As unsubstantial, insincere; Draw me from time, and bid me soar To immortality.

### MY NATIVE VILLAGE.

Hail to the valley, and mist-mantled mountain, The scenes of my childhood, to memory dear; Hail to the cot, by the favourite fountain, Where simplicity dwells, with affection sincere.

O long have I wandered, a stranger to pleasure, In search of its shadow, self-exiled to roam; But ne'er in you climes, have I found the rich treasure, It dwells unconcealed in my own native home.

How often, soft slumber my eye-lids enclosing, With joy to the streamlet and dell would I fly; And fancy, on scenes of affection reposing, Dwelt there with pure transport, but woke with a sigh. O dear to the soul is the secret emotion, When fond recollections its impulses move; And sweet is the tear which the heart's true devotion Bestows to the memory of infancy's love.

Here fain would I wander, a stranger to sorrow,
Where the woodbine entwines, and the wild-roses bloom;
Confiding with heaven the cares of the morrow,
'Till the blush of life's twilight shall rest on my tomb.

Hail to the valley, and mist-mantled mountain, The scenes of my childhood, to memory dear; Hail to the cot, by the favourite fountain, Where simplicity dwells, with affection sincere.

JULY, 1818.

## VERSES,

TO A YOUNG FRIEND, WITH A POCKET TESTAMENT.

The charter of a nation's weal

Is dear to every patriot heart,

And he that scorns its sacred seal

In freedom's flame can share no part;

To young desire, how choice the deed That crowns the wishes of the heir; How earnest, anxious, is his heed That naught shall the bequest impair;

But dearer than the chartered scroll That stamps a rising nation free; Dearer than riches, to the soul, Is the bequest of Deity.

This guides the weary wanderer's way,
This tells of a Redeemer's name;
And he that on its truths doth stay,
Shall smile when worlds are wrapt in flame.

### THE CROSS.

Symbol of shame—mysterious sign
Of groans, and agonies, and blood,
Hail, pledge of love, of peace divine,
From God.

Symbol of hope to those that stray,—
The pilgrim's vow ascends to thee;
Star of the soul, thou guid'st the way
To Calvary.

Symbol of tears—we look, and mourn
His woes, whose soul for man was riven;
Where, wanderer, is thy due return
To heaven?

Symbol of empire—thou shalt rise
And shine, where lands in darkness sit,
On eastern domes that greet the skies
And minaret.

Symbol of glory—when no more
The monarch grasps his diadem,
Thou still shalt burn, while worlds adore
Immanuel's gem.

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### SHALL HE UNBAR?

Snall he unbar the gates of death,
And walk in renovated bloom,
Who now, deprived of quickening breath,
Sleeps in the quiet of the tomb?

Shall he revive to dawning light,
Who lowly seeks his bed in clay;
Burst the corroding bands of night;
Whom the dull worm hath made his prey?

Shall he regard the vernal suns
That bid the lily deck his grave;
Or from his last cold resting place
Start, while the wintry tempests rave?

Cease mortal! cease the idle strife, Of precedence and boasted power; Cease, till these add to fleeting life, Till these retard the final hour.

MAY, 1821.

# THE MIDNIGHT DREAM.

GENTLY as flows Time's noiseless stream,
In fancy steals the midnight dream;
Kindly the dear delusive power
Enchants the soul at memory's hour;
How sweet the retrospect to view,
And revel in bliss that day never knew.

Then thought returns to scenes of old,
The deeds to silent years untold;
Past joys like shadowy forms appear,
And griefs, long departed, renew the tear;
How sad the retrospect to view,
The smile, the tear, that infancy knew.

Then wrapt in vision's awful gloom,
The soul, indignant, bursts the tomb;.
Behold her quit the track of time,
Prophetic, she seeks another clime!
How dread you unknown worlds to view,
With shades of the deathless the past to renew.

#### WHAT DO'ST THOU HERE?

O why should care disturb thy breast,
And anxious hopes invade?
These cares can never yield thee rest,
These brilliant hopes shall fade:
Say, can this dross thy thoughts endear?
Say, say, my soul, "What do'st thou here?"

Why should'st thou prize these fleeting joys,
And build thy heaven on earth?
Ah, soon each false enjoyment cloys,
And vain is empty mirth;
Tell, can they bring true pleasure near?
Tell me, my soul, "What do'st thou here?"

Why should'st thou mourn thy lot unkind,
When sorrow's boisterous flood
Hath closed around thy 'nighted mind,
But brought thee near to God?
Is HE not all? is heaven not dear?
Say, weeping soul, "What do'st thou here?

## THE SMILE IN DEATH.

And marked the mild, angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there.

Lord Byron.

When the last stern and trophied foe,
The hoary monarch of the tomb,
The spirit frees from toils below,
And bears it through the valley's gloom:

I've seen upon the marble brow
The peaceful calm 'twas wont to wear;
Though damps had gathered o'er it now,
Though death had stamped his image there.

Say, O my soul, whence is the smile,
The smile that lingers on the clay;
That sweetly doth our wo beguile,
And checks the tear that grief would pay?

'Tis when,—like evening's murmuring breeze, That low and mournful steals along, And softly sighing 'mid the trees, Blends with the holy vesper song,—

Celestial sounds glide on the ear, Visions to soothe the soul are given; And ere the golden harps appear, It mingles with the hymns of heaven.

## TO DECEMBER.

FAREWELL, December, cheerless as thou art, Arrayed in gloom; thou hast for me no smile; Thou canst not whisper pleasure to this heart, Thy aspect can not life's dark ills beguile.

Farewell, December, child of winter, stern, Nature for thee weeps in funereal gloom; Cheerless the trophies that adorn thy urn, Cold are the rites that consecrate thy tomb.

Farewell, December; and with thee, the year,
Another year, that ends its course with thee;
Another year, dissevered from my span,
Lost in thy dark embrace, Eternity!
What hopes and fears, what schemes of future bliss,
Have sparkled on the past, with fairy gleam:
Futile those schemes, and false each hope, for this
Brief life is but the shadow of a dream.

Farewell, December; ere in frowns again
Thou reign'st, the empress of the howling storm,
Perchance this bosom, free from secret pain,
Shall rest in quiet.—This unconscious form
Shall pillow sweetly on its lowly bed,
And know of grief no more.—O it is sweet,
When gently called by an approving God,
On yonder peaceful shore to rest our weary feet.

1820.

# STANZAS TO -

Yes, it is sweet to contemplate The awful, pleasing hour, When yielding to relentless fate, We own death's iron power.

'Tis sweet to rest the aching head In yonder, peaceful tomb, Where the tall grass, around the bed, Luxuriantly doth bloom.

And O when by the world forgot,
I sleep unconscious there,
Will not some wild flower deck the spot,
Nourished by friendship's tear?

Sweeter will this cold bosom rest, If prized in memory; Lighter the clod upon my breast, Bedewed, dear girl, by thee.

## THE FINAL HOUR.

FAREWELL to a world of pain, Sorrow, sighing, now adieu! Scenes of toil, of labor vain, Scenes of pleasure all untrue.

Farewell to a vale of wo, Chequered with the tear and smile; Pains that bade keen sorrows flow, Hopes that dazzled to beguile.

Earth, receive me to thy arms, Grave, unveil thy kindly breast; Dissipate, ye fond alarms; Glad, the weary sinks to rest.

Severed now are mortal ties, Ties so tender, once so dear; Holier transports, kindling, rise, Soon the worm will banquet here. Saviour, while all else recedes, Thy dear image still I see; Yes, the same that intercedes, Pleads for sinners, pleads for me.

Nearer as I view the throne, God! my trust, I love thee more; Thou my portion art alone, Help, O help me to adore.

# VERSES,

ON VIEWING THE ANCIENT PEAR TREE, IN T \_\_\_\_ STREET, PRILA-DELPHIA, IMPORTED FROM HOLLAND, 1647.

Thou ancient tree,
Survivor of the storm,
How dear to me
Thy venerable form,—
The blast of years
Hath strewed the neighbouring soil,
While thou surviv'st
The whirlwind's angry spoil.

Long hast thou flourish'd,
Liberal of richest fruit;
While various soils have nourish'd
Thy healthy root.
From Holland's moistened clime
Our fathers bore the prize,
In early time
To thrive 'neath western skies.

Perhaps thy shade
Hath often screened our sires
From summer's ray,
And autumn's milder fires;
Beneath thy boughs reclined
Visions of ages rose;
They saw a nation free,
Triumphant o'er its foes.

Perchance, in each fond heart
Was liberal feeling found,
They, too, wept sorrow's smart,
And smiled in pleasure's round:
The voice of friendship
Could lull each bosom care;
The song of love
Could waken rapture there.

Where are they?
Thou saw'st them disappear;
They sleep in clay,
Forgotten is the tear.
And we shall follow;
Yes, hoary tree,
Thy arms will brave the blast,
When we to our eternity
Have past.

## THE PIRATE-SHIP.

MIDNIGHT reigns;—on the ocean Calmly sleeps the starry beam; Steady is the barque's proud motion, Peaceful is the sailor's dream.

Sailor, waken, death is near, Waken from deceitful sleep; Sailor, ere the dawn appear, Thou shalt slumber in the deep.

Lightly on the riven wave,
Bounding swift, with murderous mein,
Ploughing o'er its victim's grave,
Lo, the pirate-ship is seen.

Gorged from guilt's infernal womb, Lurk around the savage crew; On each brow, the fiend of gloom Stamps its seal, to horror true. Luxury of crime is theirs, Dead to feeling, as to fear; Cruelty each bosom shares, Banqueting on sorrow's tear.

Gold their idol, to the god Nightly, fearful orgies rise; Rites accursed, steeped in blood, Mark the human sacrifice.

Like a demon ripe from hell, See the chieftain stalk apart; Hark, his voice, 'tis misery's knell, Joy alone could writhe his heart.

Dear to him is childhood's moan, Female shrieks to him are bliss; Mercy, canst thou rear thy throne In a bosom seared like this?

Now with crime-accursed mirth, Horrid laughter shakes the sky; Drunk with blood, the stain of earth, Join in fearful revelry.

Sailor, waken, death is near, Waken from deceitful sleep; Sailor, ere the dawn appear, Thou shalt slumber in the deep.

### STANZAS.

THE source of Charity is pure, From boasting ever free; The living essence must endure, Drawn from Divinity.

Superior to the stores of art, Or gifts by heaven bestowed, It consecrates the willing heart, A temple meet for God.

And should that Power each wish fulfil With science' richest meed,
If Charity be absent, still
My soul is poor indeed.

For Charity endureth long, And never fails in love; Here would I rest, for here belong My hopes of heaven above.

### O WHAT IS LIFE.

O what is life but some dark dream, From which we wake to sigh? Some false, deceitful meteor beam, That sheds a wandering, cheerless gleam, And brightens but to die?

O what are fleeting joys below, But cares bedecked with smiles,— The pageant of an empty show, That fain would hide the latent wo From him it oft beguiles?

And what the secret, pensive tear, But kindly dews of even? Each drop, pellucid, glistening clear, To sympathy, to virtue dear, Is quick exhaled to heaven.

#### RUINS OF TICONDEROGA.

WHERE dark Champlain in sullen grandeur rolls, Its swelling billow, checked by iron shores, Nature's firm barrier, 'neath the towering cliff, That rears in solitude its craggy form, The scattered ruins tell the scite of war. Lone, dreary spot; dark silence here In solemn grandeur reigns. In vain the eye Ranges the prospect to relieve its pain. Black sterile rocks oppose the bounded vision, With the deep ravine, where sad brooding fancy Hath ample scope; naught specks the cheerless scene, Save here, and there, the moss-grown fragment, Or time-crazed tenement. No echoing sound Disturbs the scene or breaks the still repose, Save the hoarse scream of midnight's lonely bird Or the dull moaning of the surge below.

Yet here was war, and once stern valour knew
These dreary solitudes her choice abode;—
These still retreats once glowed with busy life,
And preparation. You lofty mount,\*
Now lorn and desolate, displayed its crest,
Breathing dark vengeance on the invading foe.
Here, veteran legions, warmed with valour's flame,
For thee my country, and the rights of manhood,—
Embattled, formed the sure and mighty rampart,
That wall of adamant, a virtuous soldiery.

Here waved the chieftain's plume, and here thy lion heart,

Eccentric Allen, valorous and good,
Beat high for fame, and glorious Liberty.
How swelled thy bosom with the generous flame
And eager hope, as thought, with rapid stride,
Disdaining fear, and hosts of boding ill,
Pierced the thick gloom, and saw a nation free.

Now, how forgotten and how lone is all;—
In honour's bed the war worn chieftains rest,—
Forgot the din of conflict: e'en victory's clarion
Is now unheard.—They sleep, and we their offspring
Blest with the boon that virtuous valour purchased,—
Reap the rich harvest of their blood and toil.

<sup>\*</sup>Mount Independence.

Ye hallowed ruins! ye retreats, enwrapt
In saddened gloom, I still shall ever love ye,
For ye are dear to freedom; each patriot heart
Shall ever kindle with the holy flame,
Caught from this shrine, while pondering o'er the past
It yields its homage to the sacred soil,
And breathes a prayer for valour now departed.

JUNE, 1819.

## THE VIGIL.

'Tis night; from beauteous Palestine,
The song and minstrelsy have flown,
'Tis night; the priest forsakes the shrine,
The holy temple sits alone:
Gone is the boasting Pharisee,
The prayer, and daily alms are o'er,
E'en the despised Sadducee
For secret frailty sighs no more.

Hushed are the strains that bade rejoice, Silent the weary and opprest, Lost is the maid and matron's voice For Solyma hath sunk to rest.

But where is Jesus? where is He The man afflicted and forlorn,—Co-equal with the Deity,
The object of rebuke and scorn?

No follower of the Lord is here; For Him no eyes their vigils keep; They that have mingled tear with tear, Forget their woes in reckless sleep.

Closed is each ear to human moan, Save His, who wakes to bitter care; Hushed is each grief, but His alone Who weeps for man the midnight prayer.

## O OFT HAVE I WEPT.

O oft have I wept when the wild-wakened strain, In sadness, has murmured of wo;
As its thrill, gently healing my own bosom pain,
Bade the tribute of sympathy flow:

O oft would the gleamings of rapture succeed,
As the cadence of pleasure has stole;
When hope fondly smiled, and the wounds wont to bleed,
Acknowledged its balmy control:

But ne'er is the thrill which awakens the tear, Nor the cadence that vibrates delight, Though melting in rapture, to me half so dear, As thy notes, lonely bird of the night! While saddened, I list to the deep plaintive song, Memory wakens, disdaining control;
The dim flood of ages rolls darkly along,
It comes with its deeds on the soul.

Then those whom I loved, by affection endeared,.
Who repose where the tall elders moan,
In the still passing whispers of evening are heard,.
As they sigh o'er the days that have flown,—

I gaze with emotion: I gaze,—but they've fled,
See, slowly their forms disappear;
Naught remains but the ray on the cold heathy bed,
And the trace of the last lonely tear.

# IMPROMPTU,

ON READING STANZAS BY GOLDSMITH.

"WHEN LOVELY WOMAN STOOPS TO FOLLY."

Ah, no! Compassion yet imploring, With balmy lip will sooth the sigh; While Pity bends with look restoring, The hapless maiden shall not die.

The thorn of guilt may pierce the sinner, Repentance will succeed the smart; Religion's holy smile shall win her, And Mercy heal the wounded heart.

## O WHO WOULD LOVE.

O who would love a world like this,
The sad receptacle of fears,
Did not the hope of future bliss
Like suns, break out and gild our tears?
Can all the worldling calls his own,
The meteor bliss, by pleasure given,
Cheer the sad heart that weeps alone,
Or heal the breast by anguish riven?

O who would yield existence' day,
The boon so frail, so soon withdrawn,
Did not the hand that leads our way
Point to a fairer, brighter dawn?
Could misery ne'er some ray descry,
Beyond death's shadowy veil of gloom;
The wretch accursed would dread to die,
Despair would shudder at the tomb.

# NEW ENGLAND.

O HOW CANST THOU RENOUNCE THE BOUNDLESS STORE
OF CHARMS WHICH NATURE TO HER VOT'RY YIELDS;
THE WARBLING WOODLAND, THE RESOUNDING SHORE,
THE POMP OF GROVES, AND GARNITURE OF FIELDS?

Beattie.

New England, much-loved theme; in thee combined Are kindred titles, with this heart entwined; Country and home, names dear to every breast, Alive to manhood, and with soul possest;—
How curst the bosom, cold as Zembla's snow, In whose recess no patriot feelings glow; Shame on the wretch, ne'er let his name be found, Whose soul dishonoured, thrills not with the sound.

Say, youthful Muse, how glows the generous heart, With impulse rich, unknown to languid art, How throbs the bosom, warmed with virtuous fire, And kindling zeal, that fain would all inspire,

As history's ken reviews the eventful time,
When hallowed Freedom sought her genial clime;\*
When persecution lit its fires afar,
And meek Religion fled the unequal war;
When Pilgrim-sires, a small, but fearless band,
Unfurled their banner o'er this western land?
By Him directed, who controls the seas,
God of the tempest, and the favouring breeze,
Their little barque in safety ploughs the foam,
And now they gladly hail their future home.
Fancy beholds them tread the stranger shore;
They lowly bend, and grateful, God adore;
The forest hears a sound before unknown,
And praise from savage lands ascends to heaven's high
throne.

With laws severe, but with demeanour mild,
They rule, the patriarchs of the savage wild;
The fruitful glebe subdued by hardy toil,
A new creation blooms on freedom's soil;
Fair rising towns their industry confess,
The Indian vanquished, proves a Power to bless.
Each peril crushed, and freed from every snare,
Their ally heaven—their weapons faith and prayer.

Time speeds his course, and sister-states appear, And arts and commerce urge their swift career;

<sup>\*</sup> Landing of the Fathers.

Rich agriuclture waves o'er every plain,
And Ceres views a new and vast domain;
Kind Heaven, approving, smiles on every toil,
And Freedom hovers o'er her native soil;
Here at her altar beamed the sacred fire,
Whose lightning-spark a nation could inspire;
Here gleamed the brand, whose flaming disk displayed
A phalanx firm, in her proud cause arrayed.

Here on thy plains\* the symbol was unfurled,
A constellation beaming o'er a world.

Thy fields yet stained with veteran blood, can tell
How rived thy bosom when thy children fell;
Thy soil encrimsoned with thy richest tide;
Thy chieftains brave, thy statesmen, wisdom's pride,
Thy daughters† aiding in their country's right,
Thy warriors hardy, patient, but in fight,
All speak thy love, New England, for the cause
Of God and country, home and sacred laws.

From tyrant chains and ruthless bondage freed, Secure in peace, bright valour's richest meed: With every good that heaven doth here bestow, New England blooms, a gem on Freedom's brow.

<sup>\*</sup> Battle of Lexington.

<sup>†</sup> In the revolutionary struggle, the daughters of New England by a voluntary sacrifice, abstaining from the use of foreign luxuries, accelerated the efforts of their husbands and fathers in the cause of liberty.

With gracious boon kind Providence hath blest 'Thy favoured clime with health, enjoyment's zest, Unscorched by torrid heat, and sultry blast, The bracing north confirms thy ruddy cast; The glow of temperance marks thy hardy race, And kindred morals own their honoured place. Thy sons are generous, shrewd, and faithful too, Thy daughters modest, fair and ever true; Free as thy clime thy equal laws are free, And slavery's scourge a stranger still to thee. O may the slave-ship ne'er pollute thy strand, No Afric's tear bedew my native land; Forbid it, heaven, that slavery e'er should toil With withering curse on freedom's natal soil.

Go, Retrospection, and excursive soar
Where thickening towns adorn the sea-girt shore;
See clustering hamlets strew the verdant plains,
And thriving cities, where rich commerce reigns,—
But chiefly ken, where near the spreading bay,
The proud Metropolis\* extends its sway.
See scattered round, a fair and goodly show,
Far as the view, a paradise below.
The smiling fields, the teeming hill and dale,
Twin mountains† there, and here the humble vale.

<sup>\*</sup> Boston, the capital of New England.

<sup>†</sup> Dorchester heights.

The village churches,\* and the city fane, The halls of science on fair Newtown's plain; The numerous villast by refinement reared, Abodes of taste, to elegance endeared; Fair Prospect-hill, with Bunker's awful steep, Where 'neath her altar freedom's votaries sleep. The towering domes, and lofty spires that rise, Whose portals lead immortals to the skies; The kindly roofs, where manners bland reside; And courteous ease, a city's boast and pride. Loved, generous homes, where opulence combined With ready hearts, displays the feeling mind; The lofty pile, where wisdom oft hath shone, And sapient eloquence hath reared her throne; The walk | whose elms a grateful shade disclose, The Common, wide, where Charles romantic flows, The masted groves, with whitened canvas spread, The lengthened piers, that rest in ocean's bed,

<sup>\*</sup> The churches of Roxbury, Dorchester, Brookline, Brighton, Cambridge, and Charlestown, all visible from one point of elevation.

<sup>†</sup> Harvard University—at the date of this institution, 1638, the present Cambridge was designated Newtown.

<sup>‡</sup> The environs of Boston are adorned with numerous country seats, many of which are chastely elegant.

<sup>§</sup> The new State House.

I The Mall, a beautiful promenade surrounding the Common, which is an enclosure of several acres, used on days of festivity, reviews, &c.

All meet the sight, and crowding on the view,
Fill the wrapt mind with pleasure ever new.
Here all is seen to heighten or refine,
And wealth and grandeur, skill and taste combine;
Wide hospitality extends her reign,
And kindly feeling dwells in virtue's train.\*

Nor are thy views where nature breathes delight, Less fraught with charms and pleasing to the sight. Fancy, full oft, in retrospect would stray Amid those scenes that saw young childhood's day; With roving thought the favourite spot would view, Where 'mid content her earliest breath she drew; Where youthful sports beguiled the heedless hours, And halcyon pleasure smiled through all her bowers. Fond recollection decks the rural scene, Nor notes the blank that time hath cast between.

Where dark-waved Merrimack expands its flood, Below its source the humble dwelling stood;

MORSE'S UN. GAZ. 1821.

<sup>\*</sup> The country around Boston is the admiration of every traveller of taste. The view from the dome of the State House surpasses every thing of the kind in this country, and is not excelled by that of the Castle Hill of Edinburgh, or that of the bay of Naples, from the castle of St. Elmo. Here may be seen at one view, the shipping, the harbour, variegated with islands, and alive with business; Charles river, and its beautiful country, ornamented with elegant country seats; and more than twenty flourishing towns. The hills are finely cultivated, and surrounded by the hand of nature with singular felicity.

The scene was fair, and sweet to fancy's view, Beneath the mountain's brow sequestered too; The moss-grown rock, majestic, reared its head, And frowning darkly, deepening grandeur shed; The crystal stream, with winding course betrayed, Its silent current stealing 'mid the glade; The beechen tree, the favourite spot well known, Where village sport had reared its simple throne, Where oft at times and scenes when all was gay, Blithe pleasure reigned in rustic holiday; And oft when twilight's gleam had sunk afar, And in the west appeared the evening star. With minds serene, and labour all forgot, Each young companion sought the favourite spot, The legend wild, with breathless awe to share, The jocund song, or weep the tale of care.

With rich content and humble quiet blest,
No brooding envy marred the hamlet's rest,
No sound disturbed, save when the echoing stroke
Amid the wild, the sturdy woodman spoke;
Or when afar the distant rural bell
Marked holy time, or sighed the passing knell,
From village church, whose tall and reverend fane
Rose o'er the vale, and gleamed across the plain.\*

<sup>\*</sup> The churches in New England are generally distinguished by lofty spires, which have a pleasing appearance.

Hallowed the spot! e'en now with awe I feel
The holy dread that o'er each thought would steal
At Sabbath morn, when mingling with the throng,
To join in heart, and raise the sacred song.
The vocal swell that thrilled the chant of love,
The suppliant form, the prayer that rose above;
The warning voice, when Sinai spoke alarm,
The strains of peace that whispered Calvary's balm,
All touched the heart, and drew the listening ear,
The sigh was heard, and oft was seen the tear.
The flock retired, but 'twas apart to pray,
And meditation well employed the day.

For me, the lonely walk possessed a charm, And pleasing solitude could care disarm; And oft I lingered near the hallowed ground, My favourite spot, where wrapt in thought profound, I wandered sad, beneath the elm-tree shade, Where grass-grown hillocks told that life must fade. And oft I watched the mournful, lengthening train, In funeral state, pass slow across the plain, For death's sure arrow found this calm abode, The man, the friend, the viewless valley trode. Around the grave the thoughtful rustics bend, And oft the prayer and holy hope ascend; The shepherd-pastor sorrowing tears t' assuage, Speaks consolation from the sacred page; Tells of the hopes which from that fountain spring; How Jesus rose, and foiled the tyrant's sting;

How brief is time, how long the bright reward, And blessed are all that slumber in the Lord; The mourner weeps—but weeps in humble trust, And well resigned, commits the dust to dust.

At twilight hour, the household train repair,
Together join, and meek instruction share;
The catechist the youthful mind employs,
And tells of Him who forms, and who destroys.
The aged listen, while the young explore,
With reverence due, the page of sacred lore:
In strains of Zion each devoutly blends,
And now, with fervent prayer, the holy Sabbath ends.

How blessed the scene, where piety and truth Unite their aid to form the rising youth; How blessed thy course, New England, well inclined With precepts true to store the tender mind.

With native zeal, the willing bard would tell Of primal customs, once beloved so well; The hallowed day of sacred fast severe, To plead for blessings on the opening year; The well known time of mirth and festive joy, When care was lost, and hushed each rude employ. When beaming bliss, and in their best array, The distant youth the annual visit pay. With faithful ken, fond memory would retrace Those early joys which time can ne'er efface,

The FESTAL DAY, by long descent revered, A yearly Jubilee, to all endeared. On that glad morn, arrayed with seemly care, All worship humbly in the house of prayer; At home, assembled round the groaning board, With nature's gifts and housewife's labours stored, Arranged with skill, from age to eager youth, They reverend stand, and crave with earnest truth, A kindly blessing from the Fount of Love, Whose care paternal doth the act approve: And now, with keen, but temperate haste, they share The full repast, the yeoman's bounteous fare. With prudent use, the cheerful glass goes round, The mutual wish with mutual hopes is crowned, With church and country, home and absent friends, And thanks for all that heaven in mercy sends. The evening hour invites to halcyon joy, And varied sports that charm, but never cloy. The lively dance, with ancient, mystic game, Where choice betrays the modest lover's flame; The ready jest, the mirth inspiring song, With tales of old, the joyous scenes prolong, While youthful love and hymen oft delight To join the bridal with the festive night.

Such are thy joys, New England,—such thy scenes, Simple and rich, where care ne'er intervenes; Such thy republic, pure, unsoiled by art,
The boast and pride of every patriot heart.

## STANZAS TO \_\_\_\_.

Thou says't the world refuses its smile, Thou art soothed no more by pleasure, O believe, its mirth is guile, Vain is folly's boasted treasure.

Thy early friend withdraws his love, Love in happier moments given; Trust me, mortals, false, may prove, All is false—but God and heaven.

In this wilderness of tears,
Where the wanderer strays unheeding,
Would'st thou, torn with doubts and fears,
Seek the path to safety leading?

While thou view'st a holy law,
Written with the bolt of terrors;
Would'st thou, trembling, weeping, draw
Hope's oblivion, for thy errors?

Hasten to the mercy seat; God's red thunder slumbers there; Hasten to a Father's feet, God is nearest when in prayer,

# TWILIGHT SONG,

SUNG BY THE SHEPHERDS OF THE ANDES.

BENEATH the brow of yonder steep, The tints of twilight fade: On Chimberoz, the shadows sleep, That in the valley played.

Lorn in the saffron belted west,
The star of evening shines;
The dew drop steeps the plantain's breast,
And gems the curling vines.

My flocks in quiet now repose, Secure from nightly ill; And guardian of the wattled close, My dog is faithful still. How sweet the hour of peaceful thought, How rich retirement's calm; How free its pleasures, for unbought Is bland contentment's balm.

In this sequestered, woodland scene, Fond love and peace reside, While rural health, of cheerful mien, With labour doth abide.

Then give me still, my mountain air, My flock, and shepherd's nest; The loved companion, these to share, And I am truly blest.

# STANZAS,

OCCASIONED BY THE LAUNCH OF THE NORTH CAROLINA,

AT PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 7. 1820.

HAIL, CAROLINA! peerless queen, Our infant navy's pride, That proudly rid'st in lofty mien, Along the swelling tide.

I saw thee, fearless, quit thy bed, I saw thee plough the foam; Full gallantly, the Ship of Dread Descended to its home.

Columbia's sons begirt the strand, Her youth, and manhood's flower; Her daughters, too, a beauteous band, Lent magic to the hour, And kindling was the bosom glow, That hailed thy brilliant name; A terror to the daring foe, A bulwark to her fame.

Long may thy flag protect the Free, Long may'st thou walk the wave, Thy deck, the field of victory, Or freedom's gory grave.

Though Albion's cross, for "thousand years," Hath floated on the breeze, See, where the Union Star appears, The beacon of the seas!

And broad shall wave that deathless sign, O'er Liberty's proud steep; And bright, that starry gem shall shine, Along the foaming deep. TO THE

### SHADE OF EATON.

Spirit of the mighty dead!
Foremost in the battle fray:
Injured Chieftain,—whither fled—
Whither dost thou wander,—say?

Thou that on proud, vanquished Derne, Saw'st the starry banner wave;
Thou whose soul could danger spurn,
Gallant leader of the brave,—

In vision's awful night I meet thee, Where the silent shadows glide; With prophetic eye, I greet thee, Where the warrior seeks his bride. Mighty Spirit doth the wrong That ingratitude once gave, Anguish to thee still prolong, Doth it wound beyond the grave?

No,—for at the Eternal's shrine, See, the glad immortal bow; Hark, the strain of peace divine; Tranquil is that bosom now.

Thou forgivest,—yet, O ever, Shall the patriot weep thy doom; Thou forgivest,—years shall never Dim the halo round thy tomb,

# VERSES,

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF MR. CHARLES WESTPHAL, AND HIS TWO SONS, CHARLES AND FREDERICK, WHO WERE DROWNED IN THE DELAWARE, AUGUST 30, 1821.

WE have seen them laid in the tomb, Where the weary no more are oppressed; The elder, and those in life's bloom, Have gone to the slumbers of rest.

In the morning, when hope is brightest, The angel of death hath found them; In the season when sorrow is lightest, The billow hath closed around them.

Let Piety guard the clay,
Affection hallow the stone,
While they wait the appointed day,
When Jesus shall call his own.

We sigh o'er the honoured head, Laid low in manhood's hour; Our tenderest tears are shed, For the blight of childhood's flower. O surely He who never Rejected those that come; To the arms of Love forever, Will take these innocents home.

For such the Redeemer plead, For such his life was given; And He hath graciously said, "Of these is the kingdom of heaven."

Though dear these objects of love, We yield to him the trust; Compassionate, he will prove The guardian of their dust.

Teach those, from whom the treasure, O Lord, thou tak'st away, Submission to thy pleasure, Is sorrow's sweetest stay.

While death is momently stealing Our joys, may faith abound; And grant, Thou Gilead of healing, Resignation to balm the wound.

#### STANZAS.

I HAVE NEVER SEEN THE RIGHTEOUS FORSAKEN. David.

I've seen the heir of guilt and wo, And marked his wandering eye; I've seen the tear of anguish flow, And heard the mournful sigh:

I've seen the victim of despair,
A prey to want and sin;
I've watched his brow, when sternly there
Was stamped the curse within:

I've seen the lordling roll in state, And swell with bloated pride; I've seen, when at the poor man's gate, The wretched outcast died:

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I've seen the youth, whom pleasure's round Had early taught to stray; And those that by intemperance found The flowery, fatal way.

These I have seen, but never yet Have marked the child of prayer, Abandoned by his God, to eat The bitter bread of care.

### O THOU TO WHOM THE FIRES.

O THOU to whom the fires
Of poesy belong,
Whose bosom hope inspires
To pour the youthful song:
Unhappy bard, forbear!
O quench the generous flame,
'Tis but the torch of care,
A guide to want and shame.

Go, dream of by-past hours:
In retrospect, once more
Pluck fancy's gayest flowers,
And revel in thy store:
Go, seek thy native cot,
Scene of affection free,
Where pleasure cheered thy lot,
Where love was all to thee.

Do this, but never tell
The heartless world thy dream;
Its scorn would hope dispel,
Would crush the fairy theme;
Do this, but in thy breast
Let each fond wish expire;
For sorrows unreprest
Are his who loves the lyre.

Full many, to whom was given
To weave the magic line,
Have fallen—by misery driven—
Victims at avarice' shrine;
Lo, where the fiend Despair
Gives Chatterton to death,
And dungeon damps appear
Where Savage yields his breath;

Untimely too, thy doom,
O White, thou son of song;
'Twas Virtue loved to bloom
Thy sweet wild flowers among;
Yet why their fate unroll?
Why give to these the sigh?
The Muse's fatal scroll
Is big with those that weep and die.

## NEW JERSEY, THY BLUE HILLS.

New Jersey, thy blue hills are fair to the vision, Serene are the beauties thy vallies display; Thy streams are romantic, thy gardens elysian, But dear to this bosom thy sea-beat Cape May.

How pleasant to wander where naught but old Ocean Is heard interrupting calm nature's repose; Or gaily to mingle where pleasure in motion Attends on the day-beam, and hallows its close.

Sweet Innocence, beauty and fashion uniting, See the votaries of health and good-feeling appear; Gay Wit wreaths the bowl with rich humour inviting, And Pleasure is queen of the festival here.

How tranquil the scene, when Atlantic's proud billow Sleeps calm 'neath the moon-ray,—When tempests deform;

To thought how majestic, as roused from his pillow, The god of the waters careens on the storm. When "deep calls to deep" and the surge mocks the mountain,

When the voice of the shrill blast is heard on the main, When the storm-cloud, in anger, hath opened its fountain,

And the torrent hath deluged the valley and plain!

Now the gale dies in murmur, the waves gently bounding;

The moans of the tempest in sympathy cease;
Like enchantment, new beauties the prospect surrounding,

The heart is expanded to pleasure and peace.

Though thy blue hills, New Jersey, are fair to the vision, Unnumbered the beauties thy vallies display; Though thy streams are romantic, thy gardens elysian, Yet lovelier, far lovelier thy sea-beat Cape May.

#### TO THE

# YOUNG MEN'S BIBLE SOCIETY,

OF PHILADELPHIA.

CHRISTIAN brethren, heart united, Banded by Religion's tie,
Who to climes in guilt benighted,
Send the message of the sky:
Hail, all hail, the glad endeavour;
Trembling, ye have on the main,
Cast your mite for God, and never
Shall it meet ye, void, again.

Party, here, and faction's dream, Blights of concord, are not found; Where Immanuel is the theme, All is holy, equal ground; Charity each soul entwining, Kindred feeling walks abroad; False distinction sacrificing At the altar of our God. Heard ye not the choir of voices?
Deeds of love in heaven are known;
Yes, the Cherub, veiled, rejoices,
Brighter burns the viewless throne;
God of Bibles, thee we bless,
For this pillar on our way,
Cheerer through this wilderness,
Symbol of the latter day.

Western wilds of Jesus know,
Mercy gilds the Sandwich shore,
Riches to the Hindoo flow,
Bleeding Afric weeps no more:
Onward, then, ye hearts united,
Faith your patron, Christ your aim;
Onward, and to climes benighted
Spread the lustre of his name.

NOVEMBER, 1821.

#### то —.

Though verse, presuming, ne'er hath told The innate worth of charms like thine, Yet deem not his devotion cold, Who offers at thy beauteous shrine.

The vent'rous bard that oft hath sung, To lull awhile some latent care, Is silent now; his harp unstrung, No more shall vanquish fell despair.

Yet blame him not,—the starless gloom That bade each hope in midnight flee, Is o'er, and joy's perennial bloom Appears, sweet girl, in love and thee.

O shall he ask poetic fire,
Whose bosom owns a quickening flame,
O shall he need a magic lyre
Who kindles at Amanda's name?

### SONG.

MARY! could I watch thine eye
If it beamed no converse free?
Could I love the balmy sigh
If I knew 'twas not for me?
Could I prize that ruby lip,
Seat of pure, extatic bliss,
When its sweets I dare not sip,
Dare not steal the envied kiss?
Can those accents sooth my breast,
Sweet as angel notes above,—
Can they give this bosom rest,
When they whisper naught of love?

### THE MARINER'S HYMN.

O THOU eternal, viewless God, That rid'st the stormy seas, Thou that controllest with a nod, The billow and the breeze:

Thy powerful arm alone can save Thy children on the deep; Can bear them o'er the curling wave, And down the threatening steep.

Though staunch our bark, and proud her way,
Though breezes swell the sails;
Yet, Lord, if thou art not our stay,
The Seaman's courage fails.

Be thou, O God, our kind support, Our earnest hopes fulfil; On the wide ocean, or in port, Be thou our anchor still. May we escape the dangerous ground; And while thy strength we feel, Help us to keep each timber sound, With grace, our chosen keel.

And O when near temptation's shoal, No beacon shining far, Cheer thou the Seaman's 'nighted soul With Bethlehem's holy Star.

Jesus, our helm, we look to thee,
Nor shall we look in vain;
From quicksands thou wilt keep us free,
And guide us o'er the main.

And soon,—life's chequered voyage o'er, When we have crossed the sea,— Grant that thy crew may tread the shore Of blessed eternity.

### TO THE NEW-YEAR.

Thou new-born year, thou span yet undefined,
Portion of time, anticipate, I greet
Thy opening dawn with salutation kind,
And would, reluctant, fleeting guest, entreat,
With us sojourning, yet a longer stay;
Or wilt thou, like thy parent, haste away?

Thou new-born year, why should the joyous smile
Of reckless riot, usher in thy name?
Ah, why should dissipation e'er beguile
The sons of men, when Reason would proclaim
"Life is a vapour, mark, it quick recedes,
Eternity is near, with all its deeds?"

What art thou, gliding portent, but the note
That speak'st, though dumb, existence' passing knell?
Thy warning strains, though they unheeded, float
Along our passage, to the traveller tell,
"Depart, poor pilgrim, leave this vale, unblest,
Arise, ye giddy, this is not your rest."

20\*

Vision of future days, fair blooming year,
Thou evanescent! soon, alas, thy flight
Shall be the theme; for thou wilt disappear,
Thou, too, wilt slumber in the iron night
Of by-past ages; on the hoary scroll
Be chronicled, whose page none may unroll.

Child of the past,—herald of years to come,

I greet thy entrance, for thou tellest me

With accent kind, that soon my reckoned sum

Of months will be fulfilled, and I shall be

No more a wanderer in a sunless way,

Where disappointment droops beneath the world's cold

ray.

#### O THOU THAT PLEAD'ST.

O THOU that plead'st with pitying love, How large that love, and free; When sad and wounded here, we prove A rest alone in thee.

Poor wanderers, tired and 'reft of all, To sin and bondage sold, We strive, till freed from Satan's thrall, We 're brought to Jesus' fold.

With fervour at the sinner's heart, Thou plead'st to enter in, And there the kindly balm impart, That heals the wounds of sin.

"Open my sister to thy spouse, My love is ever true; My head with nightly dropping flows, My locks are filled with dew." Who shall not, Lord, with love adore, When thus Jehovah pleads? What bosom close the stubborn door, When Jesus intercedes?

Enter this heart, my Saviour, God, Subdue this flinty breast; Shed thy renewing grace abroad, And be my constant guest,

## ODE?

FOR THE 43D ANNIVERSARY OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

WHEN the birth of creation proclaimed to the skies,
That the reign of confusion and chaos was o'er,
Each harp caught the theme, and glad notes of surprise,
Commingling, resounded on time's viewless shore.

The Eternal beheld from his dark burning throne, He decreed, and the thunder confirmed the behest; He spake,—and the smile of Omnipotence shone, "'Tis good; all my labours are perfect and blessed."

When the bright beams advancing to Liberty's morn, Through the portals of victory proclaimed the decree; "The work is completed, a nation is born, The tyrant is vanquished—Columbia is free—"

Again the bright cherubim wakened the song,
The minstrels of heaven with joy swelled the lay;
The glad shout of triumph was heard loud and long,
And the plaudit of glory bade welcome the Day!

With hearts warmed with love and devotion inspired,
We hallow the era of freedom and time;\*
With the pure flame of union each bosom is fired,
While "good-feeling" extends to the free of each clime.

To the Chieftain, whose green laurelled fame blossoms fair,

Now sainted above, but remembered below; To those who on freedom's blest altar did swear, Who gave their rich life-blood in battle to flow:

This Day, with emotion, the pledge is renewed,
We recount each bright deed on the field and the wave;
We view the stern heroes by carnage imbrued,
We give our applause—'tis a tear to the brave.

O long may the banner of Union unfurled, Triumphantly wave on the ocean and shore; May'st thou flourish, my country, the pride of the world, The home of the exile, till time is no more.

\* The Anniversary occurred on Sunday.

### JEHOVAH'S LOVE.

THE eagle on its mountain height,
Beneath the eastern sky,
Securely views the source of light
With bold and fearless eye.

If lost in glory's azure blaze,
It bends a downward view;
This floating disk a speck displays,
Minute and cheerless too.

Thus on the mount of faith and prayer,

Jehovah's love is seen;

Sure vision strengthened, gazes there,
Without a veil between.

Then dim is every joy, compared
With bliss that never cloys;
And light the sorrows each hath shared,
When matched with heavenly joys.

# WILT THOU, O LORD.

Wilt thou, O Lord, who wast enthroned on high,
Ere seraphs bowed, or unknown worlds were formed,—
Wilt thou regard the humble mourner's sigh;
Will the Eternal, moved with pitying love,
Bind up the broken, and with tender hand
Wipe every tear from sorrow's weeping eye?

For thou dost walk upon the whirlwind's brow; Clothed with the thunder, Deity comes down; Dark clouds pavilion the Almighty's form, While with the awful grandeur of a God, On flying pinions of the wind he rides, In dreadful state, and majesty sublime.

Be still, my soul; be calm, ye rising fears;—
The storm is hushed, the tempest passes by;
Through the dark clouds a radiant form appears,
'Tis Jesus bends to hear the humble pray,—
To contrite spirits he is ever nigh,
And he shall wipe all sorrowing tears away.

### WHEN THE ROSE.

WHEN the rose in Sharon blooming,\*
Sheds sweet fragrance on the air,
Each loved tint new grace assuming,
Doth its varied charms declare.

When the lily 'neath the mountain, Weeps in Hermon's glittering dew, Pure as Kedron's crystal fountain, Shines its robe of spangled hue.

Fair are Sharon's blooming roses, Rich the lily of the vale; 'Mid each blush, delight reposes, Nectared sweets embalm the gale,—

\*Solomon's Songs, ii. 1.

But when Jesus, Lord of heaven, He whom Saints with love adore, Kindly says to man, forgiven, "Go, thou contrite—sin no more—"

Radiant beauty he discloses, While he saves from sorrow's doom; Sweeter than the blush of roses, Fairer than the lily's bloom.

## THY KINGDOM COME.

WHATE'ER invites us to the throne, Or brings the contrite, Lord, to thee, In social worship, or alone, Still may the supplication be Thy kingdom come.

By missions let thy gospel spread, Let India hear the Shepherd's voice, Awake the nations of the dead, Bid islands of the sea rejoice: Thy kingdom come.

By schools of grace, where heathen youth, Gathered from crime, of Jesus hear,-Where stubborn hearts, subdued by truth, Bestow the penitential tear,

Thy kingdom come.

By tracts with inspiration fraught,
Blessed messengers to him afar,
Who 'nighted and forlorn, is brought
To welcome Judah's rising Star,
Thy kingdom come.

By bibles, sent to distant lands,
Thy own imperishable word,
Uniting earth in kindred bands,
Spreading the empire of our God,
Thy kingdom come.

By all the prayers thy saints below
Have rendered, and before yon shrine,
Of those that rob'd in glory bow,
O come, and be the victory thine,
Thy kingdom come.

By all the love thou did'st proclaim

For Him on whom the curse was laid,
Who meekly bore our sin and shame,
Grant thou the plea, for Jesus prayed

Thy kingdom come.

#### THERE IS A HARP.

THERE is a harp whose thrilling sound, Swells through the choir of heaven above, 'Mid the blue arch the notes resound, And angels catch the strains of love.

Tis when some spirit from these spheres, On viewless pinions wings its way, And pure, before the throne appears, In robes of bright ethereal day.

Hark, the glad shout of sacred joy, In choral numbers loud and long: The angelic hosts their harps employ, The cherub wakes his noblest song.

The joyful news in heaven is known, The seraphim their voices raise; While the redeemed around the throne, Swell the sweet symphony of praise.

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# LUNES,

ON READING MRS. BARBAULD'S POEMS.

BARBAULD! what sweetness breathes along thy line, How pure the offerings at rich fancy's shrine; A hallowed warmth inspires the pleasing lay, 'Tis Virtue's floweret strews the Muse's way. The heavenly nymph appears with added charms, New graces win us, willing, to her arms; Who can resist the fascinating voice?

When thus she pleads, who hesitate in choice?

# PRAYER,

WRITTEN IN A SEASON OF PESTILENCE. AUGUST, 1820.

O THOU Unseen Almighty God! That rul'st in power alone, Afflicted by thy righteous rod, We bow before the throne.

And thou wilt never bid "depart"— When our frail offerings rise, For thou hast said, "the broken heart, Is my own sacrifice."

With earnest tears we intercede, For thy paternal care, And self-abased do humbly plead In penitential prayer. Our city weeps in lowly dust,
And mourns the hand Divine;
Yet would she own thy dealings just,
For judgment, Lord! is thine.

But while thou rid'st in frowning mien, And hold'st the balance true; O God! while the dread scourge is seen, Let Pity triumph too.

Though justice is thy diadem,
And wrath is thine alone,
Yet Mercy shines the brightest gem,
Around the eternal throne.

### VESPERS.

How awful is the note of praise,
And mingling choir,
While, slowly wafting vesper lays,
Mortals the glad oblation raise
To David's lyre.

When they devotion's impulse feel,

How calm the hour!

With trembling hope, the sisters kneel,

While Music, thought from earth doth steal

With holy power.

Richly the murmuring cadence flows,

The impulse given;

With cheerful swell, with solemn close,

Draws us away from earthly woes,

To dream of heaven.

Sweet is the requiem for the dead—
'Tis Music's sigh!—
At such an hour, while o'er the bed
We bend, where rests the peaceful head,
Who would not wish to die?

### TO THE SUN.

EFFULGENT Orb! Parent of day Emblem of the Eternal Mind, Thou hold'st thy calm, majestic way, In grandeur of thy own, enshrined.

Of old art thou; from night's long sleep Chaos awakening, saw thy birth; The Almighty claimed thee from the deep, The life of renovated earth.

Thou saw'st, when journeying on thy car,
The animated tribes appear;
And thou wast present, when the star
Of morning chanted from his sphere.

Thy new-born beam on Paradise Quivered with bright, rejoicing ray, When the I Am in council wise, Gave Man the undivided sway.

Thou saw'st him, conscious walk abroad, In innocence, in beauty free; Thou saw'st his offspring, weaned from God, Render the matin vow to thee.

Deeds of destruction, dark, and deep— Dread page!—it has been thine to scan; Thou hast beheld, when heaven could weep The madness, perfidy, of Man.

His mandate has withheld thy course, To sentinel the battle-plain; His crime has withered up thy source, When HE who lent thy fires was slain.

When thou, like day's divinity, Climb'st the empyrean vault alone,— We worship, while we view in thee, The chastened splendours of the throne.

While vaunted empires wax, and wane, O Sun! and nations rise and die; Thou, undiminished, hold'st thy reign, The gorgeous monarch of the sky. Man glides elate down pleasure's stream; Thou slumberest, tranquil, on the wave; Man turns to dust—thy brilliant beam, As brightly mantles o'er his grave.

Yet not immortal thy career, Thou who hast witnessed earth's decay, Thyself, dismantled from thy sphere, With planets, worlds, wilt flee away!

END.







